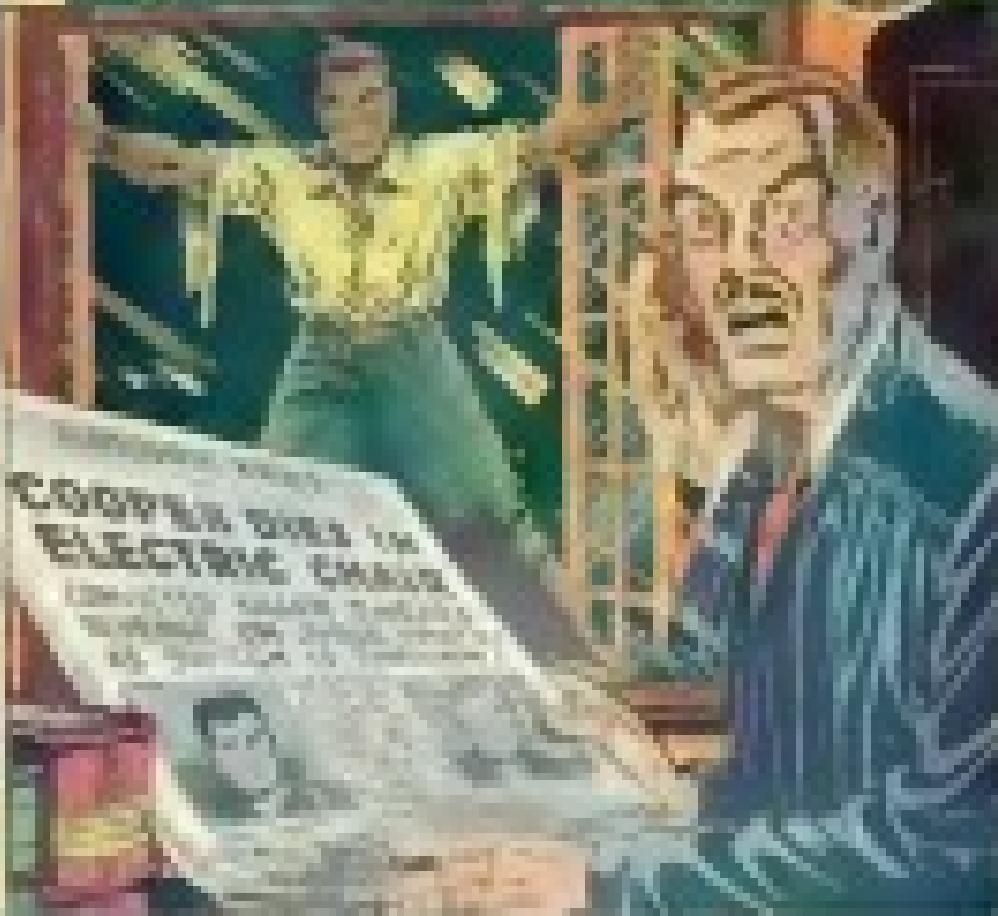


TALES CRYPTO



THE CRYPT-KEEPER'S TALE

HAVE YOU EVER SEEN A "LIVING CORPSE"? DEAR READER! DO YOU BELIEVE THAT THE DEAD CAN BE REVIVED? THAT THEY CAN BE MADE TO LIVE ONCE AGAIN? THEN READ THIS STORY, ONE OF THE BEST OF MY TERROR-TALES THAT I KEEP HERE IN THE CRYPT! IT IS THE STORY OF JAMES COPPER, AND HOW HE CAME BACK FROM THE DEAD! I CALL IT...

A SHOCKING WAY TO DIE!



MY STORY BEGINS IN A COURTROOM, POPPED WITH THE CURIOUS WHO HAVE COME TO WATCH A CONVICTED MURDERER BE SENTENCED TO DEATH... AND IT IS THE JUDGMENT OF THIS COURT, JAMES COOPER, THAT YOU BE SENT TO STATE PRISON, AND THERE BE ELECTROCUTED ON THE NIGHT OF NOVEMBER FIFTH... AND MAY THE LORD HAVE MERCY ON YOUR SOUL!

NO... NO!



I'VE BEEN PLANNING FOR YOU ALL ALREADY! BUT... I'LL GET EVEN! I'LL COME BACK, AND I'LL GET YOU... ALL OF YOU... I'LL HAVE REVENGE! LET'S GO, COOPER!



THE EVENING PAPER CARRIED BLACK HEADLINES OF JAMES COOPER'S THREAT...

EVENING BUG CONVICTED MURDERER SWEARS REVENGE!! TO RETURN FROM THE DEAD! JURY MEMBERS AWAIT!

NOTHER TO DIE
IN THE ELECTRIC CHAIR



BUT A FEW NIGHTS LATER, IN A RAMSHAKLED HOUSE OUTSIDE OF TOWN...

FOR THE JUDGE PRIOR, GENTLEMEN, I CAN BRING JAMES COOPER BACK FROM THE DEAD...AWAKE HIM AFTER HE HAS BEEN ELECTROCUTED!

WHAT?
YOU CAN...
BRING HIM
LIVE AGAIN?



THAT IS CORRECT! I HAVE BEEN EXPERIMENTING ON ELECTROCUPTION DEATHS FOR MANY YEARS, AND HAVE BEEN ASSOCIATED WITH JAHMALE! I HAVE LEARNED TO EXPERIMENT ON A HUMAN... THAT IS WHY I'VE CONTRACTED YOU!



AND SO, A FEW DAYS BEFORE JAMES COOPER WAS TO SIT IN THE ELECTRIC CHAIR... HE HAD A VISITOR IN THE DEATH HOUSE...

WHAT DO YOU THINK, JAMES?
WANT TO CHANGE IT?

OF COURSE, YOU FOOL! WHAT HAVE I GOT TO LOSS? PAY
ME HIS MONEY!



THE DEAL WAS MADE, AND ON THE NIGHT OF NOVEMBER FIFTH, AT THE APPOINTED HOUR...

ALL RIGHT, COOPER!
LET'S GO!

SURE, BABY!
SHURE!



DOWN THE LONG CORRIDOR TO THE LITTLE GREEN DOOR,
THE CONVICTED MAN...PLAIDED BY THE WARDEN AND
A GUARD...SLOWLY MADE HIS WAY DOWN THE "LAST
MILE".



THE HEAVY DOOR SWUNG OPEN INSIDE, SAY REPORTERS
ATTACHED TO COVER THE EXECUTION...



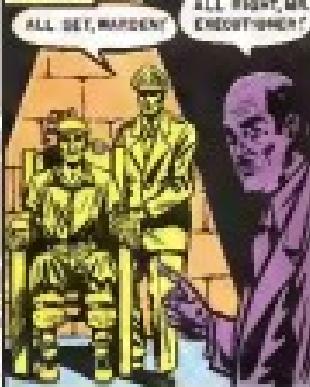
OUTSIDE THE DARK GREY WALLS, IN
THE PRISON YARD, STOOD A BLACK
HEADED A FACE PEERED OUT FROM
BEHIND SHAWNEE CONTAINERS...



WHILE WITHIN, THE PRISONER WAS
BEING STRAPPED INTO THE LETHAL
CHAIR...



ELECTRODES WERE FASTENED INTO
PLACE...

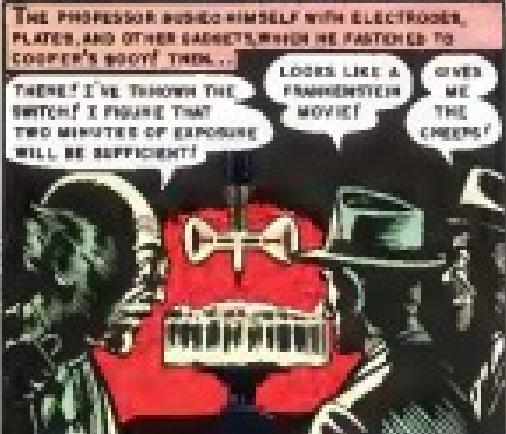


A SMALL MAN STEPPED TO A CONTROL PANEL AND
PULLED A SWITCH...



THE STENCH OF BURNING FLESH AND SIZZLING HAIR FILLED
THE ROOM AS THE LIGHTS DIMMED. AFTER A FEW
MOMENTS, A DOCTOR STEPPED FORWARD AND PLACED
A STETHOSCOPE ON JAMES COOPER'S HEART...





SLOWLY THE GRAPED FIGURE STIRRED... THEN SAT UP. THE SHEET FELL. WHAT AND...

SCORCHED HIS FLESH TO ALL BURNED!

CERTAINLY! HE HAS BEEN SUBJECTED TO A VERY HIGH AMPEREAGE CURRENT!

HE LOOKS... INVOLVED?

DO NOT WORRY! WITH PROPER MEDICAL ATTENTION, HE WILL RECOVER!

WHAT... WHAT... HAPPENED?



TAKE IT EASY, JIMMY! YOU'VE HAD A TERRIBLE TIME!

...I REMEMBER NOW! THE CHAIR I WAS ELECTROCUTED IN!

THIS IS THE PROFESSOR I WAS TELLING YOU ABOUT, JIMMY! HE REVIVED YOU!

GIVE ME A GUN!

WHAT...? YOU HEARD ME? NOT GIVE ME A GUN!



DON'T GIVE HIM ANYTHING UNTIL I'VE HAD TIME TO DETERMINE WHETHER HIS BRAIN HAS BEEN DAMAGED!

LOONEY! HOW HEARD ME?

DAMN, BOBBY SURE'S HERE!



THANKS FOR THE FAVOR, PROF!

JIMMY! DON'T YOU...



"YOU SHOULDN'T
HAVE DONE THAT,
JIMMY! HE WAS
BONNIE, IT'S UP
YOUR SIGHT!"

"DON'T NEED
IT ANY MORE...
I'M BONNA +
GET THAT
JERRY!"

"WAIT, JIMMY!
DON'T DO NOTHING
FOLLY! FORGET
THE JURY THEY
JUST DID THEIR
DUTY!"

"I SWORE
REVERENCE
NOW I'M
GOING TO
GET IT!"

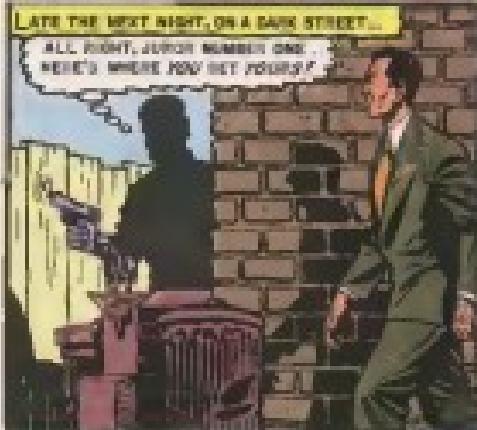
"WELL, IT'S
DIFFERENTLY?
HE DOESN'T
SEEM TO BE
ALL THERE!"

"MAYBE... WHAT
THE PROF SAID
ABOUT HIS BRAIN
BEING DAMAGED..."



LATE THE NEXT NIGHT, ON A DARK STREET...

"ALL RIGHT, JUROR NUMBER ONE,
WHERE'S WHERE YOU GET YOURS?"



AND THE NEXT MORNING...

THE MORNING
STAR-COURT-PRESS

JUROR IN COOPER CASE FOUND
MURDERED! FEARED VICTIM OF
GANGLAND RETALIATION.

GRANDEUR, BURKE
ON THURSDAY BASE
TO MR. COOPER
PLEASE REPORT!

MEANWHILE, AT THE COOPER GANG'S HIDE-OUT...

"IT'S THE
BOSS!"

"GOOD GOD,
LOOK AT HIM!"

"HE LOOKS
WORSE THAN
YESTERDAY!"

"WHAT ARE
YOU STARING
AT?"





WHO CARES? I'LL
GET THEM EVERY
LAST ONE OF
THEM!



AND THE PAPERS PLAYED IT UP...

TAR NEWS



THE POLICE KILLED SUSPECT
AFTER SUSPECT FLEW AWAY WHILE THE
OTHER JURORS WERE UNDER POLICE
PROTECTION...

ALL
RIGHT! ALL RIGHT!
I'LL TALK... I'LL
TALK! IT'S COOPER!
HE'S ALIVE!

YOU'RE
LYING!

WHAT? THEN
WHY DON'T YOU
LOOK IN HIS
SHIRT FOR
HIS BODY?

HOLY! GET THE
NECESSARY PAPERS!
WE'LL TAKE
THIS SICKOLE'S
SUBSTITUTION!



THAT NIGHT, JAMES COOPER AGAIN ROAMED THE CITY, BEING CAREFUL TO KEEP OUT OF SIGHT. HE WAS A HORRIFYING THING TO SEE! HIS FLESH HAD ALMOST COMPLETELY DECAYED FROM HIS BODY!

WHILE THE GUYS ARE GUARDING THE JUDGE, I'LL GET THE JUDGE THAT SENTENCED ME...



HIS HORRIFIC FACE PEERED INTO THE STUDY OF JUDGE WARREN HAWLEY.



SLOWLY HE OPENED THE FRENCH DOORS AND ENTERED.

COOPER / GOOD LORD! WHAT HAVE YOU LOOK LIKE...



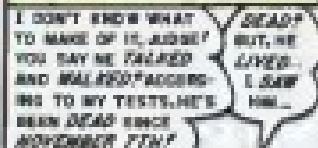
THE BLOW FROM THE HEAVY IRON POKER CAUGHT COOPER ACROSS THE FACE, AND THE REMAINING FLESH FELL AWAY. THEN...

HE...HE COLLAPSED INTO A HILL OF BONES... AND DECAYED FURTHER...



LATER, AFTER THE CORoner HAS EXAMINED COOPER'S REMAINS...

I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO MAKE OF IT, JUDGE. YOU SAY HE FADED AND WALKED ACCORDING TO MY TESTIMONY, HE'S BEEN DEAD SINCE NOVEMBER FIFTH!



DEAD? BUT, HE LIVES. I SAW HIM...



YOU, JUDGE COOPER LIVED AT LEAST HE MOVED AND TALKED! HE WAS A LIVING CORPSE! AND HIS BODY CONTINUED TO DECAY, AS ALL DEAD BODY'S DO! SOON, HE HAS DECAYED TO SUCH A POINT THAT EVEN THE "LIFE" THAT THE POOR OLD PROFESSOR HAS GIVEN HIM SLIPPED AWAY! TOO BAD, THOUGH! HE WAS BETTER TO LOOK REAL PRETTY! DON'T YOU THINK SO? WELL... FOR MORE SPINE-TINGLING TALES,

READ ON...

IF YOU DARE! JUST DON'T TRY TO FREEZE LIKE POOR OLD JAMES!

THE JUDGE SNATCHED A POKER FROM THE NEARBY FIREPLACE, AND AS COOPER ADVANCED TOWARD HIM...

KEEP AWAY, COOPER... KEEP AWAY! ALL RIGHT? YOU FORGE ME TO...



THIS IS THE TALE OF TWO PEOPLE WHO VISITED AN AMUSEMENT PARK...AND WERE NOT AMUSED! I CALL IT...

TERROR RIDE!



GEORGE AND RUTH HAD BEEN DRIVING FOR HOURS WHEN THEY SAW THE SIGN...

LOOK, GEORGE! IN AN AMUSEMENT PARK? LET'S STOP FOR A WHILE!

CHARACTER! WE CAN TAKE IN SOME *ROLLER* COASTER!

THE COOL SEPTEMBER AIR STIRRED LAZILY AS THEY ENTERED THE SWEEPY GATES AND ROLLED DOWN THE MOUND...

LOOKS LIKE THE WHOLE PLACE IS BOARDED UP RUTH! THE JUGGERNAUTS ARE, YOU KNOW?



GEORGE AND RUTH STOOD ALONE
ON THE DESERTED MIDWAY.

"SEE? I TALKED
WE MIGHT AS
WELL LEAVE."

"YEAR?
TODAY?"

SABINE LY

"WHAT'S THAT,
MUTH?"

BOUNCH LICK
WATER
SPLASHING!"

"OH LOOK,
SABINE?
HOW QUARRY!"

"AN OLD MILL
SIDE... WITH A
WATER-
WHEEL!"



"I'M GLAD AT LEAST ONE
WIFE IS OPEN-HEARTED.
LET'S TRY IT!"

"I DON'T KNOW, GEORGE.
IT'S ALWAYS SO DARK
IN THESE THINGS."



"HMM? WHAT BETTER
PLACE TO TAKE MY
NEW BRIDE THAN ON
A DARK BOAT RIDE!"

"OH, GEORGE!
STOP.
HOW
MANY,
PLEASE?"



"TWO. AREN'T YOU
BUSY, JAMES TOW?"

"NOT MANY PEOPLE COME
HERE THIS TIME OF YEAR."
TILL RIVER. TAKE THE NEXT
BOAT?"



"COMFORTABLE,
HONEY?"

"THUS AS
A SAIL."

"HAVE A PLEASANT
TRIP, FOLKS!"



THE BOAT WITH GEORGE AND RUTH MOVED SLOWLY TOWARD THE TUMBLING BLACK MOUTH OF THE TUNNEL...

THIS LOOKS LIKE IT'S GOING TO BE FUN...

PLEASE, GEORGE! THE MAN WILL HEAR YOU...

AND THEN...

DOOH! IT'S DARK!

...THE DARKER THE BETTER!

YOU'RE FRESH, GEORGE ARNOLD!

DID YOU FORGET WHO YOU JUST MARRIED TODAY, MRS. ARNOLD? HOW SAD...

SUDDENLY A LIGHT FLASHES ON...

WHAT THE...

YIKES!

OH, IT'S JUST ONE OF THOSE HALF-DADDYPLADS THEY HAVE IN THESE SHOPS!

BUT... IT LOOKS... SO REAL!

THE BOAT MOVES SLOWLY FORWARD, AND THE DISPLAY BARKERS AGAIN...

THOSE WAS FIGURES, WHEN THEY'RE DONE BY AN EXPERT, ALWAYS DO LOOK REAL! NOW, WHERE WERE WE?

YOU WERE ABOUT TO GIVE ME A...

HOW HORRIBLE!

SAY! THIS ISN'T FUNNY ANY MORE! THESE DISPLAYS ARE REVOLTING!



GEORGE? I DON'T
FEEL SO GOOD!

WE'LL BE OUT SOON, RUTH.
I MUST SAY, THE OWNER OF
THIS PLACE HAS A MACABRE
SENSE OF HUMOR!

LOOK, GEORGE!
ANOTHER ONE...

DEAR! THEY CERTAINLY DO
LOOK REAL... THAT DISAP-
TATED CORPSE... AND THE
DAVED BLOOD!

I'M GLAD YOU
WERE! I'M NOT
GOING TO LOOK
ANY MORE!

I DON'T BLAME
YOU! THEY'RE
ALL PRETTY
DISGUSTING,
WELL...

WE... WE HEY SOMETHING?
THE BOAT... IT'S
STOPPED?

I'LL
SEE
WHAT
IT IS...

GEORGE MOVED TO THE FRONT OF
THE BOAT AND POKED INTO THE
INKY BLACKNESS.

IT'S... SOMETHING LIGHT...
IN THE WATER! I...
I'LL LIGHT MY
CIGARETTE LIGHTER...

GOOD LORD!

IT... IT'S A BODY!

GEORGE, SON! I WANT
TO GET THIS OUT
OF HERE.

I... CAN'T MOVE THE
BOAT! IT'S JAMMED ON
THIS CORPSE! WE'LL
HAVE TO SLOGUE THE
REST OF THE WAY.

AS THE FRIGHTENED COUPLE SPLASHED THROUGH THE BLACK TUNNEL...

GREAT SHERIFF I JUST... **RUTHY**



THAT CORPSE WAS REALLY MADE THE DISPLAYS WERE REAL TOO!

OH NO... **JIM**...



ON THROUGH THE MURKY DARKNESS THEY RADDLED...

WE'LL BE OUT SOON!

I...I...I'M FOREVER! I'VE GOT TO REST, GEORGE!



HERE! HERE'S A PLACE TO SIT DOWN!

THANK GOODNESS! I'M ABOUT READY TO...



SUDDENLY, THE PLACE WHERE THEY HAVE STOPPED IS FLOODED WITH LIGHT...

IT'S ANOTHER DISPLAY...

IT IS REAL... GEORGE... IT IS REAL!



FEAR AND TERROR CLUTCHED AT THEIR HEARTS AS GEORGE AND RUTH RUSHED FROM THE HORRIBLE SCENE FURTHER INTO THE PITY ROOM...

HERE! HERE'S AN EMPTY DISPLAY YOU CAN REST HERE!

IT LOOKS... LIKE SOME KIND OF TORTURE CHAMBER.



AS SOON AS YOU CATCH YOUR BREATH, WE'LL GET OUT OF HERE, RUTH!

THE DINER... HE WANTS BE A ~~WALKABOUT~~ A ~~WALKABOUT~~ ~~WALKABOUT~~



YOU DIDN'T LAUGH AT
MY EXHIBITS, DID YOU?

SECRET
IT'S...
HIM!

LOOK AT HIS
EYES... HE
IS ANGRY



NO MORE WILL THEY LAUGH AT MY
EXHIBITS! LOOK! BECAUSE I USE REAL PEOPLE! AND THIS IS
MY LAST DISPLAY. A HORRIFIC,
TORTURE CHAMBER! THANKS TO YOU, FOOZIE, LIKE THE OTHERS WHO
WANDERED INTO THE DESERTED
AMUSEMENT PARK AND FOUND
THIS RIDE.

ALL SUMMER THEY LAUGHED AT MY
EXHIBITS, THE FOOL! THEY SAID MY
MAX SUMMERS DIDN'T LOOK HIMSELF!
NOW I CAN SHOW THEM! HA-HA...

RUTH, GET
READY TO
MADE A
BREAK FOR IT!



I WILL BE ABLE TO FINISH IT!
THERE'S NO ONE RUNNING... YOU
CAN'T GET OUT! THE EXIT IS
CLOSED... AND LOCKED!



RUN, RUTH!
RUTH!

JOHN-JOHN!
I'LL GET YOU...
NEVER FEAR...



THOSE BABY-SNAKES
HE'S CARRYING. BABY! HE
WANTS TO PUT US ON THAT
JET-PILOT BRAIN-DUMP!

GEORGE... HE'S
COMING AFTER
US...



THEIR! GEORGE... THE
END OF THE JOURNEY...

AND THE EXIT... IT
IS LOCKED!





IT WAS THE MOST UNUSUAL FRATERNITY INITIATION EVER SEEN ON THE CAMPUS... OR ON ANY OTHER CAMPUS, FOR THAT MATTER! THE THREE PLEDGEEES WERE TAKEN OUT TO THE OLD PALMER HOME ON THAT INFAMOUS NIGHT FIFTEEN YEARS AGO, AND INSTEAD OF THE PLACE BEING AMUSINGLY HAUNTED, IT TURNED INTO A—

HOUSE OF HORROR



IT WAS ON A NIGHT IN 1934 THAT THIS STRANGE TALE HAD ITS BEGINNING! TODAY, FIFTEEN YEARS LATER, THERE IS STILL NO EXPLANATION FOR WHAT HAPPENED AT THE PALMER PLACE!

“GET A LOAD OF LEE MILTON
BACK THERE—SCARING THE SHITS
OUT OF THOSE POOR FRESHMEN!”



“HE'S GONE ABOUT
PREPARING THIS HOUSE
FOR THE INITIATION AS IF
IT WERE THE CLOSING
RECORDS OF THE BIG
GAME!”

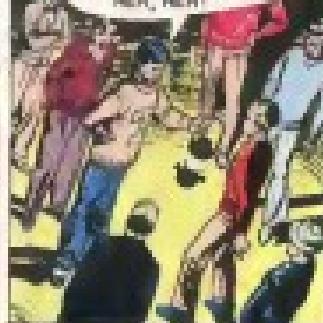
“HE CLAIMS THAT
EVEN IF IT WAS
JUST AN OLD
DUMP BEFORE...
IT IS HAUNTED
NOW!”



AND AS THE LAST STEP IN YOUR
MAKING, BOYS, YOU'LL HAVE TO
PASS THE TEST OF COURAGE.
A LONG JOURNEY INTO THE
OLD PALMER PLACE WHICH
LEGEND TELLS US IS
HAUNTED!

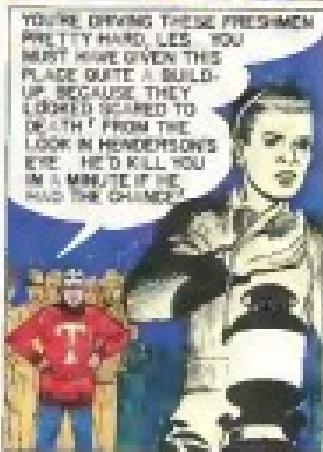
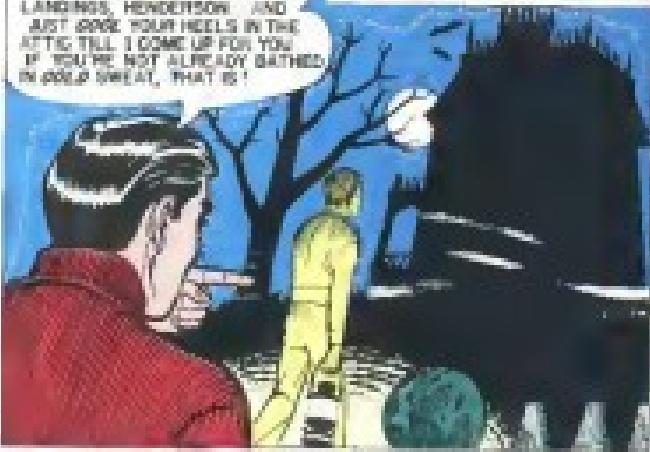
EACH ONE OF YOU WILL FOLLOW
THE INSTRUCTIONS I GAVE
ON THE RIDE OUT HERE. IF
ANYONE WANTS TO DROP
OUT NOW, LET HIM SPEAK UP
OR SHUT HIS MOUTH FOR
EVERYONE
RENDIT.

HERE'S YOUR LIGHT, HENDERSON.
YOU MIGHT AS WELL START THE
SHELL, ROLL BIG! AND REST AS
TIRED OF ONE THING, BOYS, THIS
IS NO SCHOOLBOY PRANK AS
YOU'LL SOON LEARN!
HEN, HEN!



WAVE THAT LANTERN AT US
FROM THE FIRST AND SECOND
LANDINGS, HENDERSON, AND
JUST KNOCK YOUR HEELS IN THE
ATTIC TILL I COME UP FOR YOU.
IF YOU'RE NOT ALREADY SATHERED
IN POOL SWEAT, THAT IS!

YOU'RE DRIVING THESE FRESHMEN
PRETTY HARD, LES. YOU
MUST HAVE GIVEN THIS
PLACE QUITE A BUILD-
UP, BECAUSE THEY
LOOKED SCARED TO
DEATH! FROM THE
LOOK IN HENDERSON'S
EYE, HE'D KILL YOU
IN A MINUTE IF HE
HAD THE CHANCE!



THERE HE
IS MORE
NOTHING THAN
A LANTERN
AT THE FIRST
FLOOR WINDOW?

NOW THE FUN
STARTED! WENT
THROUGH THAT
PLACE LAST
WEEK, RIDGED
A FEW CON-
TRACTORS FOR
THE BOYS TO
TRIP OVER.
DUE TO BE GOOD
FOR SOME LAUGHS
BEFORE THE EVE-
NING'S OVER!

THERE HE IS AGAIN
POOR KID MUST
HAVE RUN ALL THE
WAY UP TO THE
SECOND FLOOR! AS
IF THERE WAS A
A SHOOT BEHIND 'IM





SO WE'LL HAVE A LITTLE CHANGE OF PLANS. TO MEET THE EMERSON CAT INSTEAD OF LEE WILTON GOING UP THERE. WELL FOR THE SECOND PLEDGE! HEY WATERS!



I DON'T KNOW HOW HE DID IT, BUT WILTON'S GOT THESE FRESH-MEN SHAKING IN THEIR BOOTS! NO GUY SHOULD NORMALLY TREMBLE AT THE THOUGHT OF A HAUNTED HOUSE. UNLESS HE THOUGHT THERE WAS DIRTY MONEY INVOLVED.



HEH HEH! LOOK AT HIS FACE, WILL YOU IMAGINE THAT A BROWN MAN, SHAKING LIKE A TEEN-AGE GIRL, GOING POST A GRAMMATICA? I'M SO SHAKING TO THINK THAT I WOULDN'T LIKE THIS SET-UP MYSELF!



WHAT IN THE WORLD ARE YOU DOING TO THAT HOUSE, WILTON? THESE GUYS HAVE A LOOK OF ABSOLUTE DISBELIEF ON THEIR FACES!

AW, IT'S NOTHING! JUST A COUPLE OF LOOSE STEPS. A FEW COULD BE SOME SICKLY DODGES.



LITTLE HAPPENED AGAIN. WILTON REVIEW PRACHED THAT AT THE WINDOW! I DON'T LIKE THE LOOKS OF THIS.

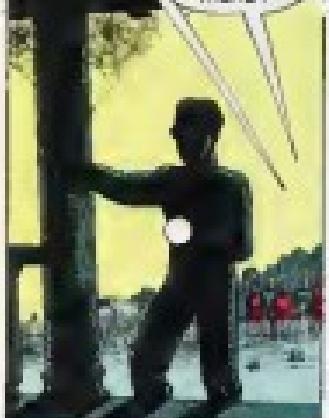


YOU ARLING! C'MON OVER HERE! YOU'RE NEXT, MAN! GO UP TO THAT ATTIC AND TELL THOSE PALS OF YOURS TO STOP THEIR MONKEY-SHINES! THIS IS A FRATERNITY INITIATION... NOT A SCHOOLBOY PRANK!



HUH, HUH! LOOK AT 'IM SHAKIN' BET THE OTHER TWO'LL HAVE A BIG SURPRISE FOR ARLING. THINKIN' IT'S THEIR BELIEVE LES WILTON!

MISTER, THIS KID'S RIGHT, LES. MISTER SOMETHIN' DAD SO WRONG UP THERE!



I-I DON'T YOU'LL GO ALL RIGHT, OR THEY'LL FIND YOU TO CARE IN A DITCH! I DON'T DISRUPT THIS PLACE JUST TO HAVE A COUPLE PUNKS SPOIL EVERYTHING! IF THE THREE OF YOU ARE PLANNIN' TO GIVE ME A SCARE, YOU'LL REGRET IT!



BUT, NOTHING'S WRONG UP THERE... ARLING'S AT THE FIRST FLOOR, SAFE AND SOUND! FROM THE LOOK ON HIS FACE HE MUST HAVE STUMMLED OVER THAT SKELETON I BORROWED FROM THE LAB, TOO!



FIVE MINUTES, WILTON... AND NO SIGN OF ARLING? ALL THREE OF 'EM GONE?

W. WE DIDN'T PLAN ANY JOKES LIKE T... THAT! AND I DON'T LIKE THE LOOKS OF THIS... IT'S N NOT LIKE RODERS AND HENDERSON TO FOOL AROUND! BUT I'LL GO!



HE'S AT THE ON HIS WAY TO THE SECOND ATTIC! HOLD YOUR BREATH, BOYS. HERE'S WHERE THE REAL FUN BEGINS... IN THE NEXT SEVEN SECONDS.



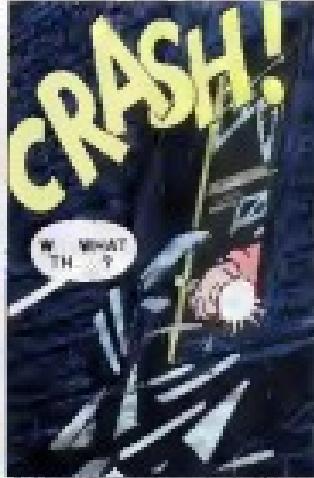
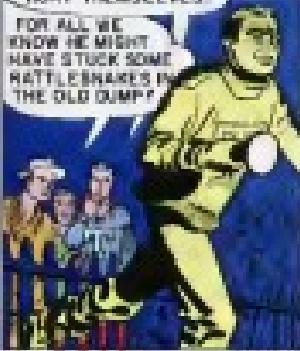
THE STUPID PUNKS... TOO YOUNG TO TAKE THAT LAST FLIGHT OF STEPS! I'LL SHOW 'EM SOME FEAR.



SIMME THAT LIGHT, JENKING.
I'LL GO UP THERE MYSELF! FIRST
TO PROVE TO ALL OF YOU THAT
THERE'S NO DANGER UP THERE
AND SECOND, TO KICK THOSE GUYS
OUT OF THAT PLACE... AND OUT
OF THE GAMMA DELTA!



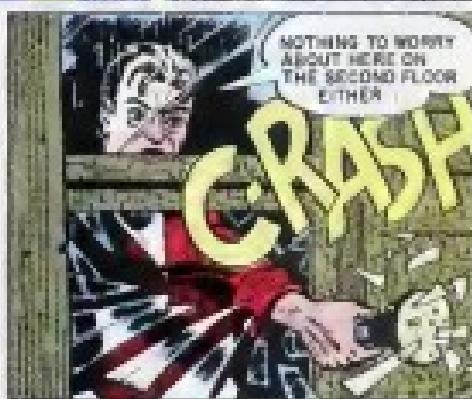
MAYBE WE SHOULDN'T HAVE
LET WILTON PLAN THIS WHOLE
INITIATION BY HIMSELF! HE'S
LIABLE TO GO OVERBOARD ON
THIS HALFWAY BUSINESS... THE
BOYS IN THAT HOUSE MAY HAVE
HURT THEMSELVES!



I TOLD YOU I DIDN'T LIKE THIS WHOLE SET-UP! THE WINDOW... IT'S BEEN SMASHED!

I... IT'S WILTON.

THOUGHT I'D
INJECT A LITTLE
EXCITEMENT INTO
THIS INITIATION.
DO I LOOK ANY
THE WORSE FOR
WEAR?



THE SECONDS
TICKED BY
IN THAT
LONELY
AREA KNOWN
AS PALMERS
PLACE.
SECONDS BECAME
MINUTES
AND
THE MINUTES
STRETCHED
INTERMINABLY.



FIFTEEN
MINUTES ARE
SOMETHING
WRONG
UP THERE!

SOMETHING'S GOING ON IN
THAT HOUSE THAT WE DON'T
KNOW ABOUT! AND THE WAY
THOSE THREE FRESHMAN
HATES WILTON. THEY MAY
HAVE GIVEN HIM A BAD
BEATING!

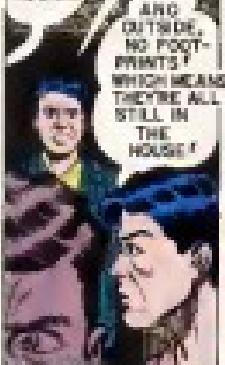
I HOPE IT'S
ONLY SWAFFLETT'S
HURRY!



WE'LL COMB THIS PLACE UNTIL WE FIND ALL FOUR OF 'EM' HERE. FRED, SEARCH EACH ROOM WITH A FINE TOOTH COMB. WE'LL SET THIS THING STRAIGHTENDS OUT IF IT TAKES THE REST OF THE NIGHT!



NOT A TRACE OF ANYONE IN THE FRONT ROOM OR ANY OF THE OTHERS EITHER! THE COAT WASN'T EVEN DISTURBED!



NO ONE ON THE SECOND FLOOR EITHER! AND SINCE NO ONE COULD HAVE LEFT THE HOUSE, THEY MUST ALL BE UP THERE!



T. THIS IS PROBABLY WILTON'S IDEA OF A JOKE - HAZING THE WHOLE BUNCH OF US! W. WELL... HERE GOES.

T. THE DOOR. IT OPENS EASILY! AS IF SOMEONE ELSE OPENED IT BEFORE ME DID.



WITHIN HALF-A-HOUR THE POLICE HAD ARRIVED AT PALMER'S PLACE, AND A THOROUGH SEARCH OF THE PREMISES REVEALED ONE STARTLING FACT

NEVER SEEN ANYTHING LIKE THIS NEVER EVEN HEARS OF ITS EQUAL! THAT WILTON KID CAN'T GET A COHERENT WORD OUT OF HIM HIS MIND IS CRACKED. HE'S COMPLETELY ASHAMED! AND THE OTHERS PARTIALIZED!



AGAIN AND AGAIN THE POLICE SEARCHED THE BUILDING THE NEXT FEW DAYS BUT NO FURTHER INFORMATION WAS UNCOVERED... AND THEN, ABOUT A WEEK AFTER THE NIGHT OF HORROR

THERE SHE GOES - CONSUMED TO FLAMES BY THE COUNTY COMMITTEEMAN AND WITHOUT THE LAST TRACE OF WHAT HAPPENED TO ARLING, WATERS AND HENDERSON!



FIFTEEN YEARS AGO IT HAPPENED, AND NO EXPLANATION HAS EVER BEEN FOUND AS TO THE DISAPPEARANCE OF THE THREE FRESHMEN OR WHATAWFUL HORRORS LEE WILTON SAW IN THE MOMENTS BEFORE HIS MIND CRUMPLED!

THE WITCH'S CAULDRON!

GREETINGS, DEAR READER! WE MEET AGAIN! REMEMBER ME? I AM THAT OLD WITCH! IN EACH ISSUE OF THIS, THE CRYPT-KEEPER'S MAGAZINE, I TELL A FEARFUL TALE. HERE MYT CAULDRON! THIS TIME, I HAVE COOKED UP A CHILLER-DILLER! I CALL IT...

DEATH SUITED HIM!



MY STORY BEGINS ON A BLACK NIGHT IN A DESERTED GRAVEYARD. THE SOUND OF DRAWSH SHATTERS THE DEAD SILENCE.

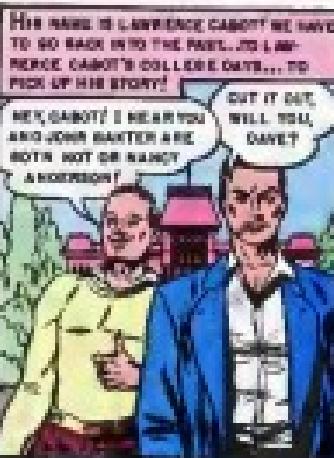
JUST THIS LAST TAFF, JOHN BAXTER... AND THEN, TOMORROW MORNING, MY VICTORY WILL BE COMPLETE!



WILLYA, THE DARK FIGURE SPADS THE SOFT EARTH, OPENING THE EVER-BUSHING BLACK HOLE...

A FEW MORE FEET AND I'LL REACH YOUR COFFIN, JOHN BAXTER. AND THAT OVERD SUCKED 'EM, THEM. I'LL HAVE EVERYTHING!





THAT'S THE WAY IT WAS! JOHN BAXTER AND LAWRENCE CABOTT WERE BOTH IN LOVE WITH THE SAME GIRL! JOHN WAS RICH... WHILE LARRY JUST MANAGED TO SCRAPE UP ENOUGH TO GET THROUGH COLLEGE...



AND THEN THAT FATHERLY DAY ARRIVED! THE FRATERNITY
THAT JOHN AND LARRY BELONGED TO WAS INVITED TO A
GRADUATION DANCE, GIVEN BY MARNEY ANDERSON'S SORORITY.



IT WAS A BIG BREAK FOR LARRY! JOHN JEALOUS TURNED,
AND SO HE WENT TO THAT DANCE... WHILE LARRY
STAYED BEHIND...

GARRITY! JUST MY LUCK!
JOHNNY'LL PROBABLY MAKE THEM
WITH MARNEY TONIGHT!



BUT WHEN THE BOYS RETURNED LATE THAT NIGHT...
HEY, LARRY! CONGRATULATIONS!
ME? MARNEY WHO'S APPREHEND?
WE'RE GOING TO BE MARRIED
RIGHT AFTER GRADUATION!



IF IT WASN'T FOR THAT DAMNED FLICKER OF YOURS,
JOHN BAXTER, NANCY ANDERSON WOULD HAVE BEEN
MY WIFE!



BUT...WHAT HAPPENED AFTER THAT, YOU ASK? LET ME
CONTINUE! JOHN AND NANCY WERE MARRIED!

SO AM ILL LARRY?
KEEP THE BRIDE!



NANCY'S FATHER GAVE JOHN A GOOD
POSITION IN HIS FIRM, AND JOHN WAS
DELIGHTED.

TAKE A LETTER, MISS BLAKE!
YES, MR.
BAXTER!



WHILE IN HIS SMALL OFFICELARRY
STRUGGLED TO MAKE ENDS MEET...

DAY IN AND DAY OUT...WAITING
FOR THAT PHONE TO RING FINALLY
... WAITING! WILL I EVER GET ON A
SUBSIDY?



...AND BROOKLYN...

I'D BE IN JOHN'S SHOES TODAY!
I'D HAVE EVERYTHING THAT
WE HAD...



...AND THEN HE MADE HIS DECISION...

BUT I CAN HAVE NANCY...JOHN'S JOB...MONOPOLY
FREESTYLE! I'LL TAKE THEM FROM HIM! THEY
SHOULD BE MINE, ANYTHING I'LL TELL HIM!



LARRY CAREFULLY PLANNED IT...EVERY
DETAIL! ONE NIGHT, ON A LONG LY ROAD...





IT'S GOOD TO SEE YOU AGAIN,
LARRY! MARY WILL BE
THRILLED!

YES! SHE'LL
PROBABLY GET THE
SHOCK OF HER LIFE!

AS HE STRUCK MARY LARRY GRABBED THE WHEEL AND
SWIVED THE CAR TO A STOP! THEN HE DROVE TO A
POINT WHERE THE ROAD MEETED A MOUNTAIN...
THIS IS PERFECT!



PROFOUND THE UNCONSCIOUS FEAR OF JOHN BEHIND
THE WHEEL, LARRY RELEASED THE BRAKE ON THE CAR
AND LET IT ROLL TOWARDS THE CLIFF EDGE! THEN...



THEY CALLED IT AN ACCIDENT!
LARRY'S PLAN HAD WORKED PER-
FECTLY AT THE FUNERAL, HE CONFIR-
MED TO THE GRIEF-STREVENING MAN.

CHIN UP, MARY! HE WOULD SOON
HAVE WHAT HE'D THOUGHT THAT MAN...



THE MONTHS PASSED, AND LAR-
RY'S CABINET CAME TO CALL
MORE AND MORE OFTEN AT THE
HOME OF THE YOUNG WOODBURN
BAXTER...

YOU'VE HAD YOUR
WHOLE LIFE AHEAD
OF YOU, MARY! YOU
CAN'T THROW IT AWAY!



AND THEN... ONE EVENING...

"MARY! YOU KNOW HOW
I'VE FEEL ABOUT YOU... YOU'RE
EVER SINCE COLLIE!"





I'VE GOT IT ALL! EVERYTHING I WOULD HAVE GOTTEN IF IT WASN'T FOR THAT JERKED OFF YOU HAD WHEN WE WERE IN COLLEGE! BUT NOW... I...



HOOH FOKEED! THAT WOULD CROWN MY VICTORY! TOMORROW WHEN I MARRY NANCY, I'LL WEAR FOKEED... THE ONE THEY BURNED YOU IN!



THE GATES TO THE CEMETERY CREAKED OPEN, AND LARRY... HE EYES WIDE AND STRUNG... ENTERED! HE CARRIED A BRIEFCASE...



SLOWLY HE MADE HIS WAY ACROSS THE CEMETERY... BETWEEN THE HEADSTONES... UNTIL HE CAME TO THE ONE MARKED 'JOHN BARKER'...



AND THAT IS LAWRENCE
CANDY'S STORY... SO WHAT
DO YOU HEAR THAT AOLLOW
SCOFF? THE DOGFOOT LET'S
SEE WHAT HE'S UP TO...



LARRY CANDY REMOVED THE ZOOBZOOZ FROM THE
COFFIN OF JOHN BAXTER AND RE-COVERED THE
SHADE THEN...

"YOU NOW FOR SOME SLEEP? TOMORROW
IS A BIG DAY!"



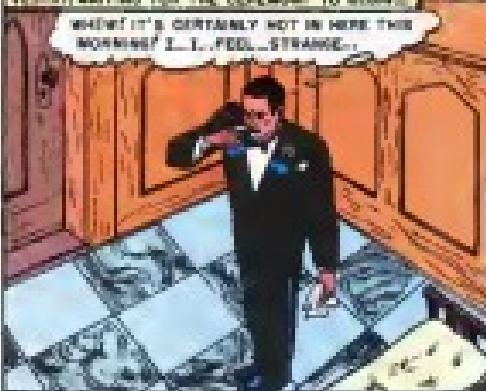
YOU THINK HE'S CRAZY, DON'T YOU? WELL, YOU BETTER THINK
IN ANY CASE, THE NEXT MORNING LARRY DRESSED IN JOHN'S
TUXEDO...

"YES, JOHN! IT FITS FINE! I FIT INTO EVERYTHING
OF YOURS, JOHN! ADIOS!"



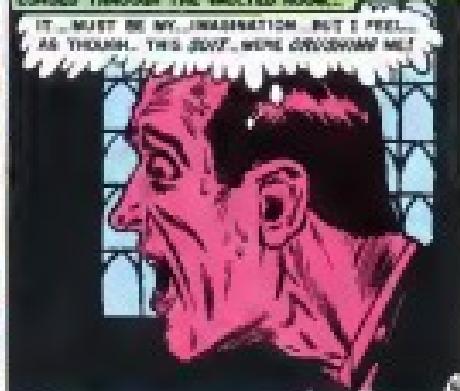
THE CHURCH WAS HOT AND AS LARRY STOOD IN THE
WEEZY, WAITING FOR THE CEREMONY TO BEGIN...

"WHEN IT'S CERTAINLY NOT IN HERE THIS
MORNING I... I... FEEL... STRANGE..."



SOON THE FAMILIAR STRAINS OF THE WEDDING MARCH
EDGED THROUGH THE VAULTED ROOM...

"IT... MUST BE MY IMAGINATION, BUT I FEEL...
AS THOUGH... THIS BOY... WERE UNCONSCIOUS!"



NANCY MADE HER APPEARANCE AND STARTED DOWN THE LONG AISLE...

H. HURRY! I CAN'T BREATH!
I DON'T THINK I CAN LAST
THROUGH THE CEREMONY!



LARRY'S BRAIN WAS RELENTLESS EVERYTHING SWAM BEFORE HIM AS HE STOPPED FORWARD...

CRUSHING...THE LIFE OUT OF ME...NOT...CAN'T BREATH?

WE ARE GATHERED
TOGETHER TO
WITNESS THE...



THEM WERE PLANS, NOW...THEN A DISASTER...

LET ME SPEAK NOW... JOHN...HE...HE'S
OR FOREVER HOLD
US PEACE...

JOHN...HE...HE'S
CRUSHING ME...KILLING
ME...T...



IN A LAST MAD FIT, BEFORE THE BLACKNESS CLOSED
IN, LARRY TOOK JOHN'S TUXEDO FROM HIMSELF...



THE GROUP THAT HAD COME TO
WITNESS THE WEDDING WAS
SHOCKED SOMEBODY RUSHED FORWARD
TO EXAMINE THE PROSTRATE
LARRY...

HE...HE'S DEAD! DEAD?



TEST HE WAS SENT AFTER A
MEDICAL EXAMINATION WAS MADE...

"STRANGE" THIS REPORT. EMBALMER
SAYS THAT LARRY ONE AND FLOOR
OF POSSSESSION FROM
EMBALMING FUND."

"BUT HOW COULD LARRY
EVER COME
IN CONTACT
WITH FUNERAL

FUNERAL CO.?"



PEOPLE KNEW HOW MUCH WE
DEARLY APPRECIATED WHEN LARRY GOT
ROT UNDER THE DOLLAR. HIS BODY
ABSCURED THE EMBALMING
FUND WHICH HAD CONTAMINATED
JOHN'S POSSSESSION AND ADORN LARRY
REALLY HAS EVERYTHING. THAT
JOHN HAD NO MANSION, NO JOB,
NO PROSTATE, NO ANYTHING! JUST
A BIG, COOL, GUFFAW IN A BIG
COOL SWIMPA!"



PAPERCUT^Z

PROUDLY PRESENTS THE SHAMELESSLY-STRUGGLING-TO-WIN-FAN-SUPPORT SEVENTH ISSUE OF THE ALL-NEW...

TALES FROM THE CRYPT

BASED ON THE CLASSIC EC COMICS SERIES.



RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO WILLIAM M. GAINES, AL FELDSTEIN,
REED CRANDALL, JOHNNY CRAIG, JACK DAVIS, WILL ELDER, GEORGE
EVANS, GRAHAM INGELS, JACK KAMEN, BERNIE KRIGSTEIN, HARVEY
KURTZMAN, JOE ORLANO, GEORGE ROUSSOS, MARIE SEVERIN,
AL WILLIAMSON, AND WALLY WOOD.

"IGNOBLE ROT"

FRED VAN LENTE

WRITER

MORT TODD

ARTIST

MORT TODD

LETTERER



THE CRYPT-KEEPER

"MOONLIGHT SONATA"

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NO. 7
ALL-NEW!

TALES[®]



FROM THE

CRYPT

FEATURING...



THE CRYPT-KEEPER



THE OLD WITCH



THE VAULT-KEEPER

IN THIS ISSUE:

AN ALL-NEW STORY BY
JOE R. LANSDALE &
JOHN L. LANSDALE
TEXAS' TOP TERROR WRITERS!



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WELCOME, KIDDIES!
IT'S YOUR OL' PAL THE
CRYPT-KEEPER GETTING READY
TO FILM A COUPLE OF VIDEOS
FOR YOU FOOMB, THE
SCARIEST WEBSITE
OF ALL!

MY FIRST FRIGHTFUL FEATURE, STARS A LOUT
NAMED LOUIS, WHO COULD'VE BEEN A REAL HOLLYWOOD
MOVIE STAR — THAT IS BEFORE SOMETHING SET IN
THAT I LIKE TO CALL...

IGNOBLE ROT

THE FRENCH QUARTER
AT NIGHT.

YOUR FAVORITE HUNTING
GROUND, ISN'T IT, LOUIS?

AND YOU'RE IN
DESPERATE
NEED OF PREY.

THE TRAVELER'S CHECKS YOU
STOLE FROM THE PURSE OF
YOUR LAST MARK ARE JUST
ABOUT GONE, SO IT'S HIGH
TIME TO FIND SOME OTHER
DRUNK, LONELY TOURIST...

ANY WOMAN, REALLY,
WITH MORE MONEY THAN
SELF-ESTEEM...







AT FIRST YOU
WONDER WHAT
THESE SLACK-
JAWED OUT-OF-
TOWERS'
PROBLEM IS...

THEN...

...YOU SEE IT FOR
YOURSELF.





WHAT YOU
SEE IS BAD
ENOUGH...

BUT
IT'S WHAT
YOU DON'T
SEE THAT
TERRIFIES
YOU!

YOU DON'T
SEE FOG ON
THE MIRROR
FROM YOUR
BREATH! FOR
NO MATTER
HOW HARD
YOU STRAIN
YOUR
LUNGS...



...YOU CANNOT
BREATHE!

NOR IS THERE A
PULSE BEHIND
YOUR WRIST---



--AND THE SKIN IS
COLD AND CLAMMY
TO THE TOUCH--
LIKE RUBBER LEFT
OUTSIDE OVERNIGHT!

THERE'S ONLY ONE POSSIBLE
EXPLANATION, NO MATTER
HOW IMPOSSIBLE IT SEEMS:



I'M
DEAD!!!

BUT--- SOMEHOW,
SOME WAY---
YOU'RE STILL
MOVING AROUND---

---AND SO THE NAME
COMES TO YOU
INSTANTLY, BURNING
AN INDELIBLE IMPRINT
INTO YOUR BRAIN:

THAT HIDEOUS OLD WITCH-WOMAN.
YOU KNOW SHE--- AND ONLY SHE---
MUST BE RESPONSIBLE.

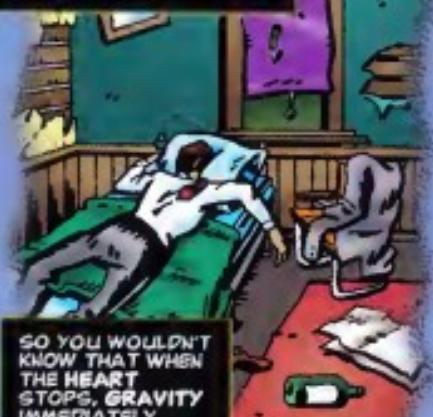
HER MISTAKE, IF SHE
TRIED TO KILL YOU
FROM AFAR, FOR NOT
FINISHING THE JOB!

BECAUSE YOU'RE GOING TO DRIVE
RIGHT OUT TO HER PATHETIC
SWAMP TRAILER PARK AND BEAT
HER INTO REVERSING WHATEVER
HEX SHE'S---

DEDE.

YOU ASSUME IT'S PART OF HER
CURSE THAT YOU'VE BECOME SO
CLUMSY ALL OF A SUDDEN---
THAT YOUR MUSCLES DON'T WANT
TO DO WHAT YOU TELL THEM TO.

YOU'RE NO CORONER, OF COURSE, NOR DO YOU REALIZE THAT YOU DIED WHILE NAPPING IN YOUR FLOPHOUSE OVER THREE HOURS AGO.



SO YOU WOULDN'T KNOW THAT WHEN THE HEART STOPS, GRAVITY IMMEDIATELY BEGINS TO PULL THE STAGNANT BLOOD DOWN, DOWN, INTO THE LOWER PARTS OF THE BODY...

...IN THIS INSTANCE, YOUR FACE, DUE TO YOUR SLEEPING POSITION.

THEY CALL THAT REDDISH-BROWN DISCOLORATION LIVOR MORTIS.

AND THE FACT YOU CAN'T MAKE YOUR MUSCLES DO WHAT YOU WANT THEM TO?



THAT THEY'RE SO LOOSE, YOU MIGHT AS WELL BE TRYING TO OPERATE A MARIONETTE WITH CUT STRINGS?

THAT WOULD BE "PRIMARY FLACCIDITY." FREED FROM THE BURDEN OF LIFE, ALL YOUR MUSCLES HAVE GONE COMPLETELY LAX.

INCLUDING YOUR BLADDER MUSCLES... HENCE THE LITTLE "ACCIDENT" BACK AT THE BAR.

SKREEECH



BUT YOU DON'T KNOW ANY OF THAT.

ALL YOU DO KNOW IS THAT THIS IS DEPE'S FAULT.

DEPE'S--- AND CECILE'S.

CECILE, EVEN MORE INSECURE THAN SHE WAS BEAUTIFUL. WHO SAID SHE WAS AN OIL EXECUTIVE'S DAUGHTER TAKING A YEAR OFF FROM BUSINESS SCHOOL AT TULANE...

THE PERFECT MARK.

IN NO TIME AT ALL, YOU HAD HER EATING OUT OF THE PALM OF YOUR HAND.

TASTE THAT DELICATE SWEETNESS?

THAT COMES FROM WHAT WE CALL "NOBLE ROT" IN THE GRAPE...

SHE WANTED YOU TO MEET HER PARENTS--- A GOOD SIGN. YOU'D BEEN MARRIED SIX TIMES BEFORE... ALL UNDER VARIOUS PSEUDONYMS...

...AND ALWAYS RESULTING IN DIVORCE SETTLEMENTS HIGHLY PLEASING TO YOUR WALLET.

BUT THERE'S
NOTHING A
PARASITE
HATES MORE
THAN A HOST
NEEDIER THAN
IT.

TURNS OUT CECILE WAS LYING
ABOUT HER BACKGROUND—
SHE WAS REALLY WHITE TRASH
FROM SOME CAJUN DUMP IN THE
MIDDLE OF THE BAYOU...

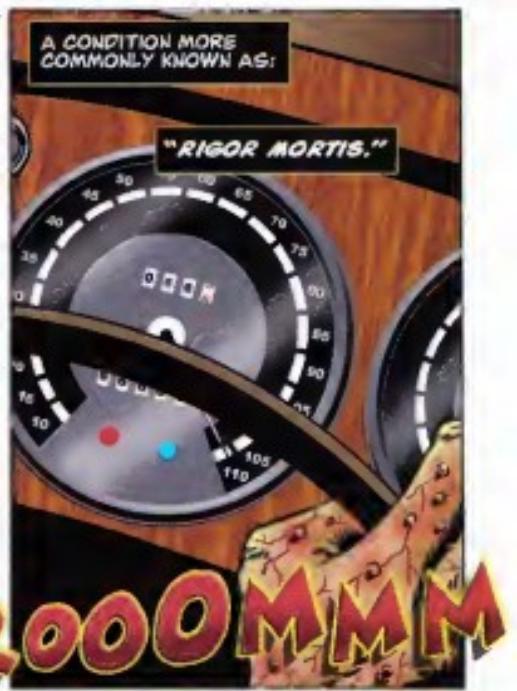
...COMPLETE WITH A CREEPY
OLD GREAT-AUNT, TANTE
DEDE, A TRAITEUSE OR
WITCH-WOMAN, WHO
CLAIMED SHE HAD THE
POWER TO "STRIKE YOU
DOWN" IF YOU "DISRE-
PECTED" CECILE.

CECILE DIDN'T
THINK YOU'D WANT
HER IF YOU KNEW
THE TRUTH!

SHE GOT
THAT RIGHT!

REALLY, YOU WERE DOING
HER A FAVOR— SHE'D
FIND OUT YOU HAD NO
INTEREST IN BEING
SOMEBODY ELSE'S MEAL
TICKET EVENTUALLY!

BUT APPARENTLY OL' TANTE DEDE
DIDN'T SEE IT
THAT WAY...







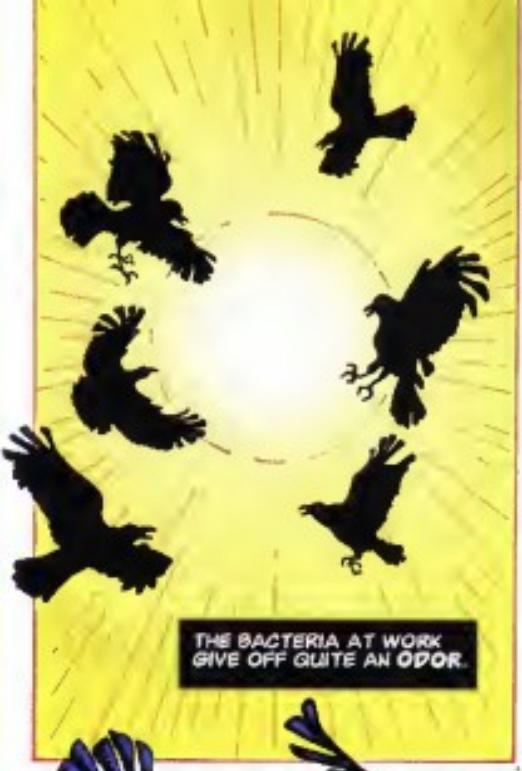
AND IT LASTS
A WHILE.



YOU CAN'T SEE WITH YOUR
EYELIDS CLAMPED SHUT,
BUT YOU CAN FEEL THE
RISING SUN BAKING WHAT'S
LEFT OF YOU.

WAKING THE MICROBES--- CLOSTRIDIUM
PUTRIFIUM--- THAT HAD BEEN LIVING IN YOUR
FLESH SINCE THE DAY YOU WERE BORN...

...PATIENTLY WAITING FOR YOU
TO DIE SO THEY CAN BEGIN
DEVOURING YOU IN THE
PROCESS OF DECOMPOSITION.



THE BACTERIA AT WORK
GIVE OFF QUITE AN ODOR.



A FRAGRANCE
REPULSIVE TO
MOST...



...BUT IRRESISTIBLE
TO OTHERS.



AND THOUGH YOU
CANNOT MOVE A
MUSCLE, YOU ARE
TOTALLY, HORRIBLY
AWAKE THROUGH
ALL OF IT.

WHEN NOT
SCREAMING IN
SILENT
HORROR...

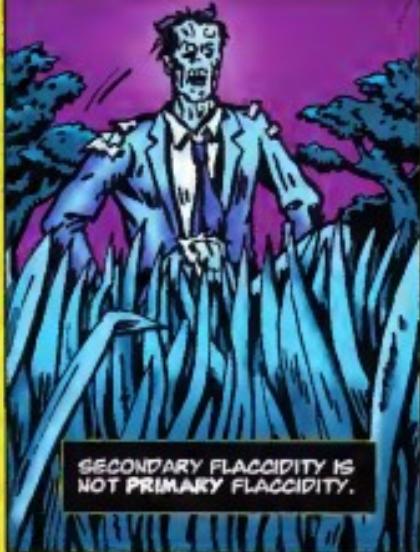


OF COURSE, BY THE
TIME THAT HAPPENS...

...YOU ARE
QUITE MAD.



AFTER A DAY OR SO, RIGOR MORTIS FADES INTO SECONDARY FLACCIDITY.



SECONDARY FLACCIDITY IS NOT PRIMARY FLACCIDITY.

YOUR MOVEMENTS ARE NOT MUCH MORE THAN A SHAMBLE.



YOUR MOUTH AND THROAT ARE TOO WEAK TO GIVE VOICE TO YOUR PURPOSE.

BUT IT IS THAT PURPOSE--- IN THE FORM OF A NAME, BRANDED ONTO WHAT REMAINS OF YOUR ROTTING BRAIN...



...THAT CONTINUES TO SPUR YOU FORWARD, LIKE AN URGENT RIDER.



YOU WILL LET NOTHING SLOW YOUR PROGRESS.

YOU KNOW NEITHER FATIGUE... NOR FEAR.



...AVOID YOU.

THEY KNOW SPOILED MEAT WHEN THEY SMELL IT.

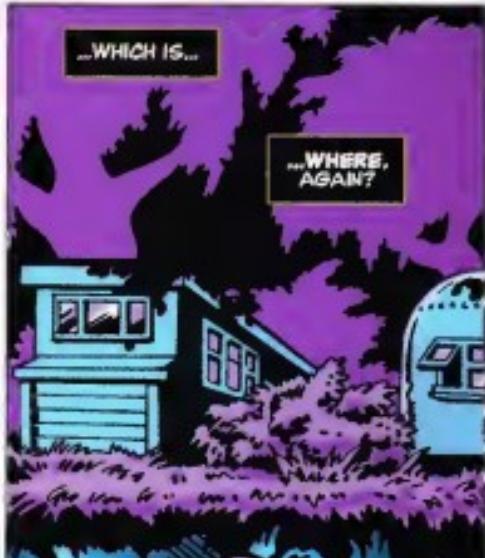


INSTINCT TELLS YOU WHEN YOU'VE
REACHED YOUR DESTINATION...



...WHICH IS...

...WHERE,
AGAIN?



SO HARD TO
REMEMBER.

THE NOXIOUS PLATULENCE
OF PUTRESCENT GASES
ESCAPING YOUR BLOATED
CORPSE DOES NOT HELP
YOUR CONCENTRATION.



YES, YES,
HERE YOU
ARE. WHERE
YOU WANTED
TO BE. THAT
MUCH YOU
CAN RECALL.

HERE, WHERE YOU
WANTED TO... TO
DO WHAT?

BLAST! THAT'S THE
PART YOU'RE MISSING.

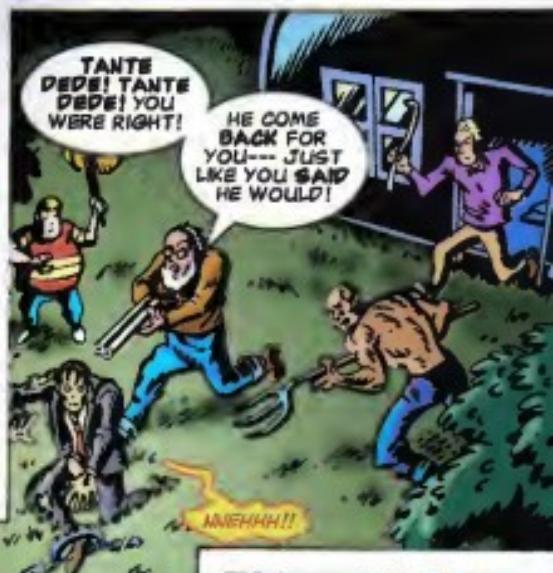
COULD IT HAVE
SOMETHING TO
DO WITH THAT
OLD WOMAN?

NO... PROBABLY NOT.
YOU'VE NEVER SEEN HER
BEFORE IN YOUR LIFE.

BEST TO RETURN TO THE SWAMP.
THE PRIMORDIAL, ETERNAL STILLNESS
OF THE SWAMP.

HNGG
BEEG
GEE...

PERHAPS THERE YOU
WILL FIND PEACE.







YOU SWEORE YOUD
NEVER BE ANYBODY
ELSE'S MEAL TICKET,
LOUIS! NOT ANY
WOMAN'S---
CERTAINLY NOT ANY
CHILD'S---

BUT NOW YOU CAN
KISS YOUR PRECIOUS
FREEDOM GOODBYE!
MIGHT AS WELL SHED
A TEAR FOR IT AS IT
GOES.



UNFORTUNATELY,
BY THIS TIME,
CALLIPHORA
VIRGINIA, THE
BLOW FLY, HAS
LAID EGGS IN
YOUR TEAR
DUCTS.



NOW, THAT WAS A
REAL BADTIME STORY!

MY NEXT
ONSLAUGHT OF ONLINE
TERROR IS THE TAIL, I MEAN TALE
OF TWO HIRSUTE HOUSEPETS, ER, I
MEAN HOUSEMATES...

GRR!

GRR!

AND I'M NOT
TALKING ABOUT THE
VAULT-KEEPER AND THE
OLD WITCH IN THEIR
CHEAP RUBBER
MASKS!

GRR?

GIVE IT UPS

IT'S A STORY THAT STARTS ON THE CITY'S MEAN STREETS! I CALL IT...

MOONLIGHT SONATA

IT WAS A PAIR HOME RUN FOR
ROSCOE LITTLE. MUGGER BY PRO-
FESSION. COWARD BY NATURE.



ROSCOE'S "CUSTOMER" IS ONE
DRAGO SAVAGE, AN UPTOWN MAN
TAKING A SHORT CUT ON HIS WAY
HOME FROM THE BUTCHER SHOP.

PERFECT
SHOT.
WHICH MEANS
HE WON'T
BE NEEDING
HIS GOODS
ANYMORE.



A HOUSE
KEY AND A
WALLET FULL
OF MONEY
JACKPOT







JACKPOT

TIME
TO CHECK
OUT WHAT'S
GOING TO
THE PAWN
SHOP.

NICE...
AND IF NO
ONE'S HERO,
THIS BED WILL
BEAT SLEEPING
IN AN ALLEY.

ALL
MEN'S CLOTHES...
MUST LIVE ALONE.
THIS GETS BETTER
AND BETTER.



TIME
TO FIND THE
KITCHEN.
CHECK OUT
WHAT IS FOR
DINNER.



BEATS THE
THROWAWAYS
AT JOE'S
GRILL.



STEAKS!
I NEED TO
BEAN ME
ONE OF THESE
GUYS EVERY
NIGHT.



MAN,
THAT SMELLS
GREAT.





JUST LIKE
IN THE HORROR
MOVIES... WERE-
WOLVES



SO
THAT'S WHO
THE STEAKS
WERE FOR.



LATER

THIS
IS THE LIFE...
EVEN GOT MY
OWN EXOTIC
PETS

THIS IS
GOOD ENOUGH
FOR THE LIKES
OF YOU TWO

AN EXPENSIVE
WINE HANGOVER
IS A LOT LIKE A
CHEAP WINE
HANGOVER

SUPER
BEATS THE
CHEAP
STUFF

MORNING...
ALREADY.



YOU SURE LOOK BETTER
WITHOUT ALL THAT HAIR AND
TEETH, HONEY. AS FOR CRAGO,
HE AINT COMING BACK...

OH, NO.
HE WAS OUR
BROTHER. OUR
PROTECTOR.
WHAT WILL
WE DO?



I'M IN
CHARGE NOW.
SO, YOU'LL
DO WHAT I
TELL YOU.

HAVE
PITY ON
US.



WILL YOU
HELP US
IF WE TELL
YOU?

I WOULD
YOU NEVER
KNOW. TELL
ME.

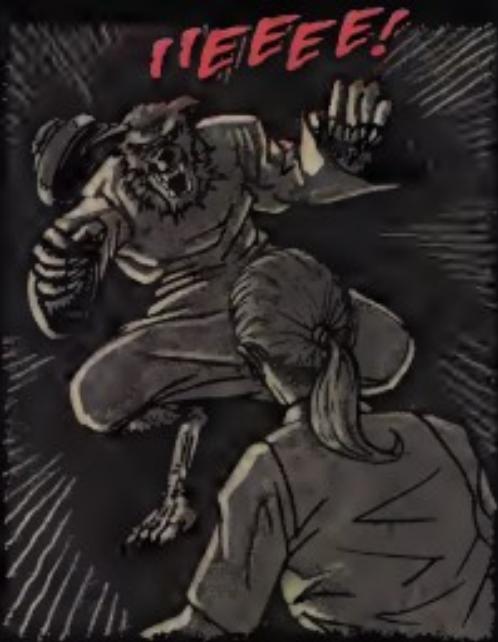
"WE'RE A FAMILY OF
ARCHEOLOGISTS.
LIKE OUR PARENTS,
ALL EXCEPT DRAGO

"WE DISCOVERED AN UNDISTURBED
TOMB IN THE VALLEY OF THE KINGS.
A LOCAL TOLD US OF THE PLACE.
HE WOULD ONLY TAKE US THERE
WHEN IT WAS NEAR NIGHT.

IT'S THE
SYMBOL OF
ANUBIS.

MOST
DEFINITELY.





"BUT BY ACCIDENT WE FOUND
THE BEAST'S ACHILLE'S HEEL."

"IT WAS SILVER."



"WHEN IT WAS DEAD, WE GAVE
UP ON THE PLACE AND FLED."

"WHEN WE RETURNED HOME
THE CURSE KICKED IN, AND WE
BECAME AS YOU SAW US."



HOW COME
YOU'RE
IN THESE
CAGES?

TO KEEP US
SAFE, AND
TO KEEP OTHERS
SAFE. JUST BEFORE
DAYLIGHT, DRAKO
SETS US FREE.

BUT
AT NIGHT
WE STAY
IN THESE
CAGES

WELL, HE
AIN'T HERE FOR
THAT NOW, IS HE?
I LIKE YOU RIGHT
WHERE YOU
ARE.

AND IF
YOU'RE A GOOD
LITTLE BOY AND
GIRL, I MIGHT JUST
KEEP FEEDING YOU...
SCRAPS, OF COURSE.
MIGHT GET YOU
MATCHING FLEE
COLLAGS.

BUT IN THE
MEANTIME, I'M
GOING TO LOOT
THIS JOINT SIX
WAYS FROM
SUNDAY.

HA! HA! HA!

ROScoe MADE A NUMBER OF
TRIPS TO THE PAWNSHOP



HE WENT METHODICALLY
FROM ROOM TO ROOM.





HEY,
THIS IS
ABOUT WERE-
WOLVES AND
VAMPIRES.





HEY,
THESE
LOOK
LIKE...

THEY ARE...
THEY'RE SILVER
WELL, OLD DRAGO
WASN'T ENTIRELY
TRUSTING OF
SUBBA AND
SIS.

THIS
PLACE
IS ABOUT
WORKED
OUT

NOW,
TO SEE IF
THESE BULLETS
WORK... DON'T
WANT TO
LEAVE ANY
WITNESSES.

EVEN IF
THEY ARE
PART-TIME
WEBS—
WOLVES

RRRR RRARGH!

AND
BEFORE
I LEAVE I'M
GOING TO GET
ME ANOTHER
BOTTLE OF
THAT WINE!

LADY
AND GENT,
TIME TO SAY
GOODNIGHT.

BLAM!
BLAM!









ANIMAL LOVERS,
PLEASE NOTE THAT NO WEREWOLVES
WERE ACTUALLY
MISTREATED IN THE MAKING
OF THAT VIDEO!

KILLED: YES!
MISTREATED: NO!



WHA--??

ENOUGH OF THAT,
SCARENTINO!

IT'S TIME TO
SAY GOOD NIGHT,
KID-DIES!

GRAB!



BUT BEFORE
WE PUT THIS ISSUE TO
DEATHBED, I MUST WARN OUR
ROTEN READERS NOT TO MISS
OUR NEXT ISSUE! IT FEATURES
TWO TERROR-TALES YOU WON'T
SOON FORGET!

GOOD NIGHT, KIDDIES! AND
PLEASANT SCREAMS!

HAHAHA!



Greetings, CRETINS! It's me, your digital camera-toting Crypt-Keeper, with another SCARY SELECTION of SPAM from our beloved fans. Looks like our "NEW DIRECTION" toward DARKER, more INTENSE TALES of TERROR is going over better than expected! Just check out the voting for last issue's favorite TERROR TALE "A Ripping Good Time" by writer Joe R. Lansdale and John L. Lansdale and illustrated by James Romberger. SOUNDLY SLAUGHTERED "Jumping the Shark" by writer Arie Kaplan and artist Mr. Eees just goes to show that even today's frightening TV producers can't compete with ol' Jack the Ripper when it comes to the real FEAR FACTOR!

We're also thrilled to announce that yet a FOURTH FEAR-FILLED collection of TALES FROM THE CRYPT stories from Papercutz will soon be HAUNTING your favorite bookseller's shelves. Available in both paperback and COLLECTOR'S ITEM hardcovers, "TALES FROM THE CRYPT #4: CRYPT-KEEPING IT REAL!" features my never-before-seen YOU TOOMB contributions, "You Toomb" by Stefan Petrucha and Tim Smith 3, "The Creditor" by Alex Simmons and Mort Todd, "Dumped" by Scott Lobdell and Facundo Vehilla & Alejandro Cabral, and "Roses Bedight" by Stefan Petrucha and Jeziel Sanchez Martinez. The third VENOMOUS VOLUME, entitled "TALES FROM THE CRYPT #3: ZOMBIELICIOUS!" features "Graveyard Shift at the Twilight Gardens" by Rob Vollmar and Tim Smith 3, an EXCLUSIVE all-new tale, created just for the graphic novel series!

I could also mention that the first two collected CRYPT volumes ("Ghouls Gone Wild" and "Can You Fear Me Now?") are both still on sale at better BOOkstores everywhere, but then I wouldn't have any room left for your FAWNING FAN-MAIL...

Dear Crypt-Keeper,

Cheers to you for bringing T.F.T.C. horror back to my local comic shop. I've been an EC fan forever and have been reading your new publication since issue #1. Now I gotta say at first I was disappointed with most of the art, yet the stories are actually quite good and I find myself flinging for the next issues. I just finished reading issues #4 and #5. On #4 I really enjoyed "Extra Life," extreme gamer madness is always a plus. It has a great modernized sense of horror writing and I loved the art. Then "Crystal Clear" another great story for the modern horror reader yet the art is just lagging. On issue #5 "Queen of the Vampires" is a good read and the artwork is getting better. "Kid-tested, Mother Approved" shot it down for me. I enjoyed the story but what a lousy cover, it's as if my 5 year-old son drew the art. So here're my questions: Why only two stories per issue? And can't you get a better artist to represent the Crypt Keeper, the Old Witch and the Vault Keeper? I'm sure most will agree they just look silly. Two last questions - I'm on the brink of finishing my own horror comic publication. Any advice on how to make it happen? Or how could I get one of my twisted stories and art in your mag?

A true fan,

Doug Randazzo

Long Island, New York

Bribery usually works, Doug!

Dear Crypt-Keeper,

I just got a new Tales from the Crypt pinball machine! Attached is a picture of me with my pinball machine. I really like reading your comic because it has lots of evil stories and it's fun to read.

Keep up your evil work!
Gabe (age 9)

US Air Base Ramstein
(Germany)
PSC 2 Box 11587
APO AE 09012



Now Gabe knows how to get on our good side!

Subject: Crypt #6

Recently, I wrote to you guys and expressed my general feelings toward the first five issues of the new TALES FROM THE CRYPT. Generally, I was happy with the series but, being a huge fan of the original comics, I was concerned that the new series may not be grisly enough. Judging by the letter column, I am not the only person that felt this way.

After reading the sixth issue, I would like to commend you on actually listening to the input of your readers. This was definitely the best issue produced thus far and this new (odd) direction that you are taking is gradually becoming evident.

That being said, I still have a couple of complaints. I was really enjoying "Jumping the Shark," but the ending is a huge letdown. Seriously, "I'm a terrorist?" That's it? The entire story was leading up to a pun? No gore, no ironic death, nothing? Okay...at least the art is quite good. Mr. Eeves is quickly becoming my favorite modern CRYPT artist thus far, as his work on "Queen of the Vampires" is also solid. In a way, "A Ripping Good Time" is the opposite of "Jumping the Shark." I liked the story, but I was not crazy about the art. While the story is your most gruesome thus far (even though I am pretty sure that decapitations typically involve blood), I often had to reread pages in order to understand what the hell was going on. The murky art style made it difficult to understand the progression of the plot and a more traditional style would have greatly benefited the story. However, if you are conducting a poll about this issue, my vote goes to "A Ripping Good Time."

Looking ahead, I eagerly await issue #7, as the cover image leads me to believe that this will be the first issue with actual gore in it. I also noticed that #7 is shipping in July and #8 is shipping in August. Does this mean that CRYPT is going monthly?

Michael

Saddle Brook, NJ

It's not exactly BLOOD, but we are hoping to KETCHUP on our schedule!

Subject: TFTC #6

Congratulations on the sixth issue. It is nice to see that you have made it thus far. Everyone in the letters section seems to talk about the art in the comics and that's one area I can applaud you guys for, the art. While it isn't like the older EC comics, it does have its own style and a look all its own. The stories seem to carry that feel that the old issues have, and that's a good thing.

I do, however, have to give some heavy credit for the cover of issue #6. This cover alone looks like a classic TALES FROM THE CRYPT cover and it really gave me that nostalgic feel just looking at it, sweet! Kudos there.

I have been reading TALES FROM THE CRYPT since I was a kid, obviously from the reprints, and I must say that it is great to see some new material as I am sure that Gaines would be happy also to see his ideas making a return. It's time for VAULT and HAUNT to make their triumphant returns now, just for the record in my opinion.

I'm gonna vote too. I loved "Jumping The Shark" as it was a well-written story with some exceptional looks at the morality of modern television. I did, however, really enjoy the artwork for "A Ripping Good Time" I just wish the story had been a bit more fleshed out. Either way, keep up the good work and I hope to keep seeing you hacking things out to my newsstand.

The Crypt Faithful,
Jason Greene

Maybe we should bring Jack the Ripper back as a TV producer...?

Keep those emails and letters coming – we get so lonely here in the Crypt of Terror! Send letters to:

The Crypt-Keeper's Corner
40 Exchange Place, Suite 1308
New York, NY 10005

Or email your comments to the Old Editor at:

salcrup@papercutz.com

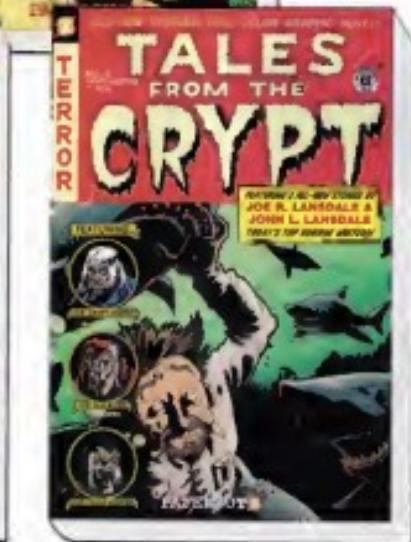
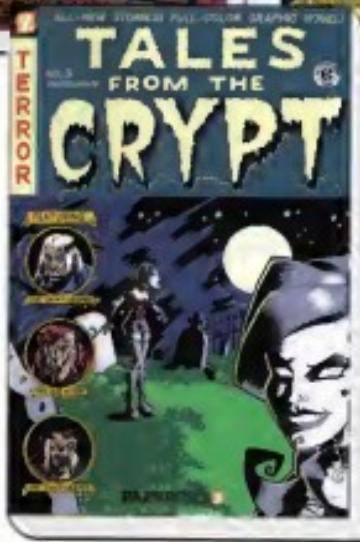
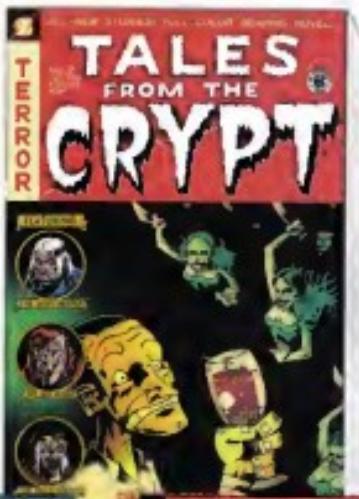
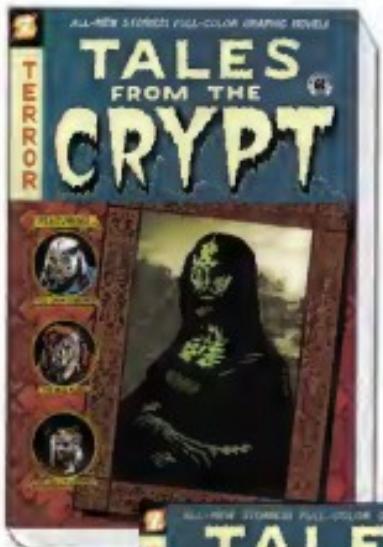
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YOU'VE E-MAILED!
YOU'VE PHONED!
YOU'VE THREATENED US!
YOU'VE DEMANDED!
(BUT WE'RE COMING OUT WITH
THESE COLLECTIONS ANYWAY!)



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"BRAIN FOOD"

ROB VOLLMAR
WRITER

TIM SMITH 3
ARTIST

MARK LERER
LETTERER

LAURIE E. SMITH
COLORIST

TERRY NANTIER



THE PUBLISHER



THE CRYPT-KEEPER

GOHULUNATICS SEQUENCES

JIM SALICRUP
WRITER

RICK PARKER
ARTIST/TITLE LETTERER/COLOR

MARK LERER
LETTERER

STEVEN MANNION
COVER ARTIST

CHRIS NELSON & SHELLY DUTCHAK
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THE OLD EDITOR

Caricatures by Rick Parker.

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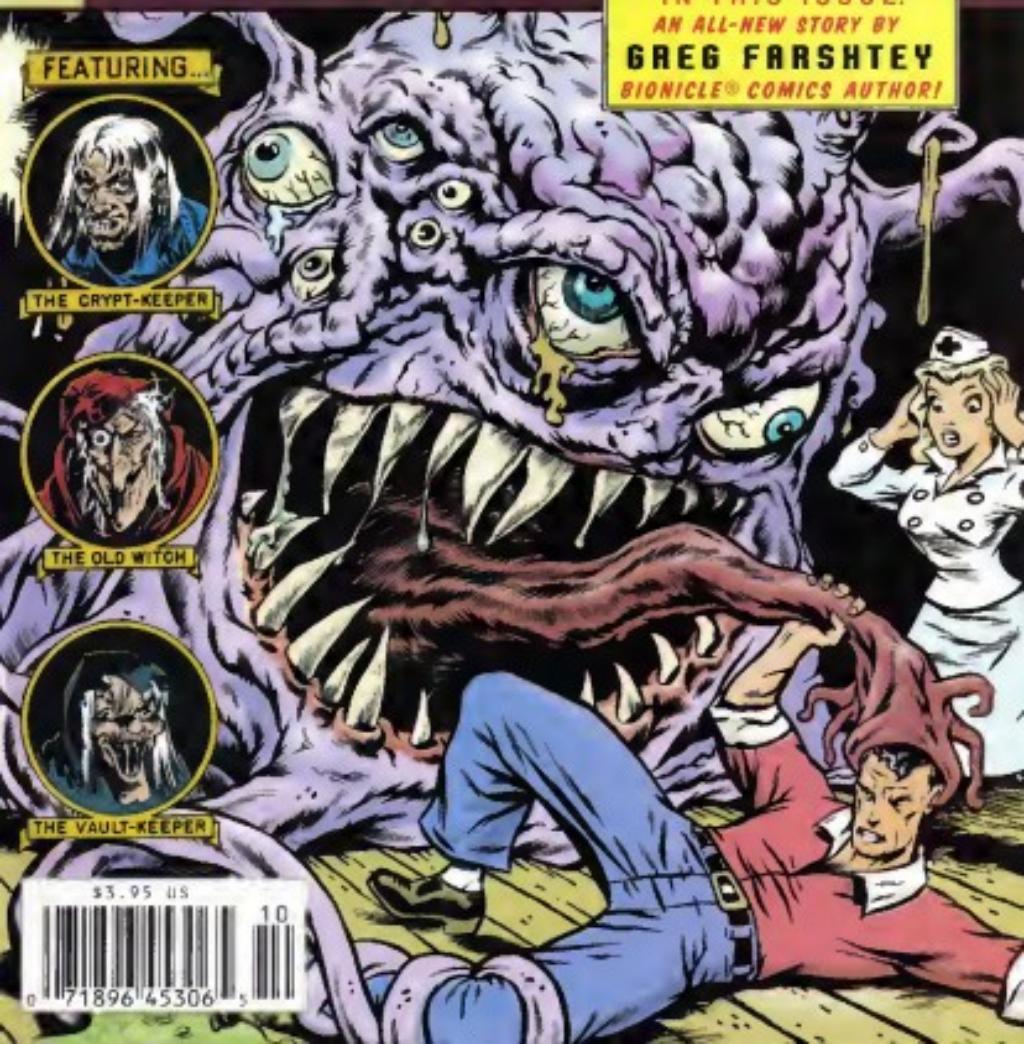


THE OLD WITCH



THE VAULT-KEEPER

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10

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THE CRYPT OF TERROR





AND IN THAT
FINAL MOMENT,
I REMEMBER.

REMEMBER HOW
IT BEGAN...



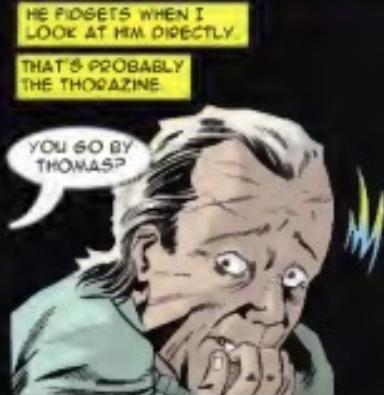
THAT LOOK OF
URGENT FEAR ONLY
HALF-CONCEALED
BY THE PATIENT'S
AWARENESS OF
THE GULF THAT
SEPARATES US



HE RUNS
HIS TONGUE
NERVOUSLY
ACROSS HIS
DRY LIPS
THREE TIMES...

...BEFORE FINALLY
UTTERING THE
WORDS THAT
CHANGE MY LIFE
FOREVER.

DOC-P







HOW COMFORTING IT MUST BE TO EXPLAIN AWAY ALL OF LIFE'S ILLS BY THE EXISTENCE OF A BRAIN-EATING MONSTER.

CAN'T HOLD A JOB? BRAIN-EATING MONSTER. GLOBAL WARMING? TRY A BRAIN-EATING MONSTER INSTEAD.

YOU HAVE NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT, THOMAS.

I HAVE IT ON GOOD AUTHORITY THAT THERE ARE NO BRAIN-EATING MONSTERS LOOSE IN THIS FACILITY.

IF YOU SAY SO.

LIE BACK AND TRY TO RELAX.

THEN I'LL LET THE NURSES KNOW THAT YOU ARE DUE FOR YOUR MEDS.

THANKS.

I PUT THE EVENT IN MY MENTAL COLUMN OF VICTORIES.

ANOTHER PATIENT BROUGHT BACK FROM THE EDGE OF PSYCHOSIS BY MY WORDS OF COMFORT AND SOLACE.

AT LEAST I THINK HE IS UNTIL...









AND SEE THAT THE
NURSE STARTS HIM ON THIS
REGIMEN OF EXPERIMENTAL
AND POSSIBLY DANGEROUS
ANTI-PSYCHOTICS
AT ONCE



BUT WHAT IF THE MURDERS DON'T
END THERE, THUS PROVING THAT
THOMAS ISN'T THE SO-CALLED
"BRAIN-EATER"?



IT BECOMES APPARENT ALMOST IMMEDIATELY THAT THE KEY TO FIGHTING THIS DELUSION IS TO SUBJECT IT TO THE SCIENTIFIC PROCESS.

THERE WILL BE NO MORE OF THIS UNSCIENTIFIC BRAIN-EATER CLAPTRAP.

THIS GENTLEMAN IS THE NEW FACE OF ENCEPHALOPHASIA!



I CAN'T EVEN REMEMBER WHAT THE OLD ONE LOOKED LIKE...

YOU ARE, OF COURSE, WELL AWARE OF THE CURIOUS STRING OF BRAIN EXTRACTIONS THAT HAVE OCCURRED ON OUR WATCH OF LATE.

WELL, NOW THAT HE BRINGS IT UP...

I GUESS SIX IN A WEEK DOES CONSTITUTE SOME KIND OF PATTERN.

DID YOU KNOW THAT THERE WAS AN OLD FACE OF ENCEPHALOPHASIA?









OH, I DON'T DISPUTE THAT YOU BELIEVE THAT WITH ALL YOUR HEART AND MIND BUT IMAGINE IF YOU WERE EXPERIENCING A COMPLETE PSYCHOTIC BREAK WHERE YOU ARE ABLE TO ACT OUT YOUR MOST UNTHINKABLE IMPULSES WITH NO FEAR OF RECALL. AFTERWARDS.



SOME PATIENTS
WILL BE LOST
AND SOME WILL
BE SAVED. THAT'S
THE CURRENCY
OF FAILURE WHEN
YOU ARE
A DOCTOR.

BUT WHAT MEANING
ARE WE TO TAKE...

...WHEN IT IS
THE DOCTORS
WHO ARE LOST?

I D-DON'T
UNDERSTAND...

JUST
LIKE BEFORE,
DOC.

NOT A BRAIN
TO PIECE TOGETHER
BETWEEN THEM.

SUCH...
BRILLIANT
MINDS

REDUCED
TO WHAT?
FOOD?

LOOK, DOC. WE'VE
ALREADY CALLED THE
COPS AND THEY ARE ON
THEIR WAY. BETTER THAT
YOU JUST GO LIE
DOWN UNTIL THEY
GET HERE

FOR ONE MOMENT, I
CONSIDER FOLLOWING
HIS ADVICE. MAYBE I
SHOULD LIE DOWN

HAVEN'T I BEEN
UNDER A LOT
OF STRESS
LATELY? I CAN'T
REMEMBER.

THEN I
REALIZE...

THAT'S JUST
WHAT IT WANTS
ME TO DO. THINK
RATIONALLY.

LAY DOWN
CLOSE MY
EYES AND
WAIT



AND SO, INSTEAD, I DO SOMETHING
ELSE. SOMETHING CRAZY.

THOMAS?
IT'S ME. DOCTOR
ANDERS. WAKE
UP!

HUH?





IF EVER YOU FIND YOURSELF IN THE WILDERNESS WITH A FRIEND...

WHERE'RE WE GOIN'?

JUST TRY TO FOCUS ON STAYING AWAKE. I'M TAKING YOU OUT OF THIS FACILITY ON MY AUTHORITY.

AND YOU JUST SO HAPPEN TO FIND YOURSELVES CONFRONTED BY A GRIZZLY BEAR...

I DON'T FEEL SO GOOD.

JUST A FEW MORE YARDS, THOMAS.

JUST REMEMBER...

THE
EMERGENCY
LOCKS HAVE
ENGAGED!

WHICH
KEY?

THE FOOTTRACE ISN'T BETWEEN YOU AND THE BEAR...

UH,
DOC?







MEET THE EX-MRS. EMERSON BAILE. HER VISIT TO HER FORMER HUSBAND'S HOUSE IS NOT A SOCIAL ONE.

COME ON, OPEN THE DOOR, YOU--

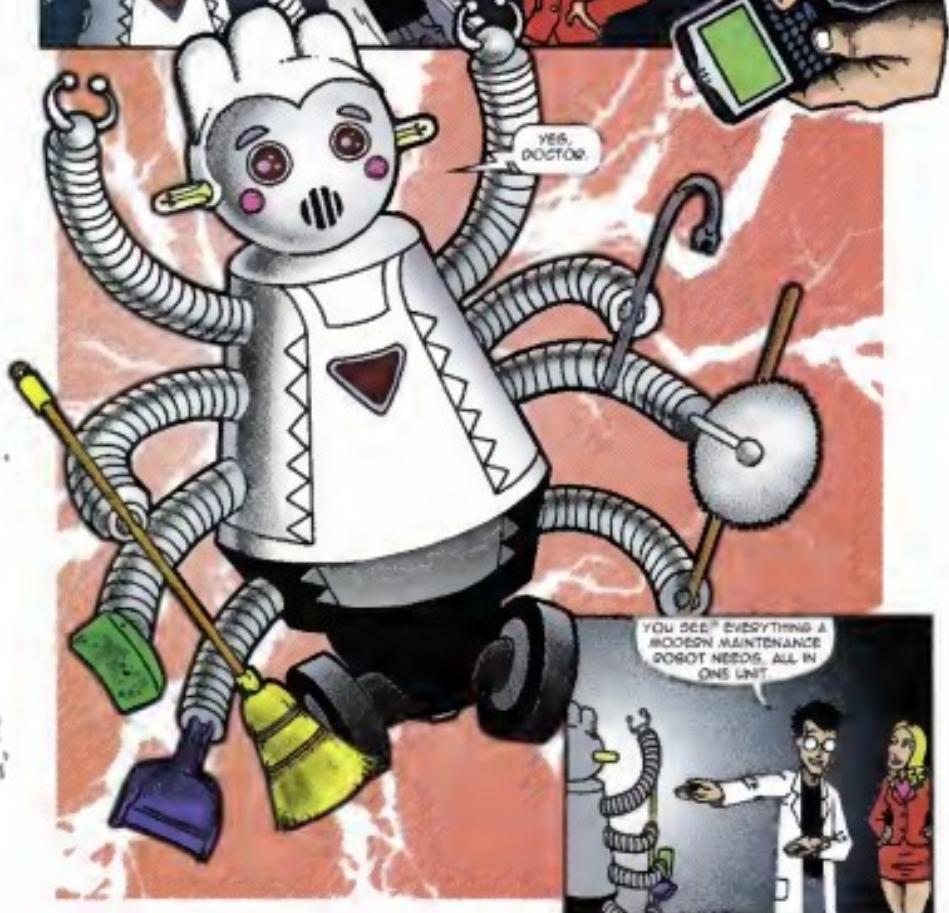
BING BONG

CREAK

WELL, IT'S ABOUT TIME, EMERSON!

DR. BAILE IS NOT RECEIVING VISITORS. PLEASE COME BACK TOMORROW. THANK YOU.







CRASH!

YOU HAVE MADE A
MESS. ACTIVATING
CLEANING AND
DISPOSAL PROGRAM.



THIS ISN'T
OVER! YOU'LL BE
HEADING FROM MY
LAWYER!

PROGRAM ACTIVATED.
COMMAND RECEIVED:
ASSIST GUEST TO
DEPART

WHAT ARE
YOU DOING?
STOP FOLLOWING
ME, YOU PIECE
OF JUNK!

YOU HAVE
MADE A MESS.
MRS. GALE
MESSES MUST
BE DISPOSED OF





DR. GALE IS NOT RECEIVING VISITORS.
PLEASE--

WHERE IS SHE?
WHAT'S HE DONE
WITH SARAH? SHE
NEVER CAME HOME
AND HER CAR IS
STILL OUTSIDE

GALE! IT'S
JAKE! I'M COMING
FOR YOU, OLD MAN!

PLEASE WIPE YOUR
FEET. PLEASE WIPE
YOUR...

FEET.

YOU HAVE
MADE A MESS.



MESS SPEEDS DISORDER.
DISORDER SPEEDS INEFFICIENCY.
INEFFICIENCY IS THE ENEMY OF RATIONAL THOUGHT.



IT'S LATE I'M
GOING TO HAVE A
SNACK AND GO
TO BED.

THE KITCHEN
REQUIRES CLEANING
BEFORE FOOD CAN
BE PREPARED.

WHY? WHAT'S
WRONG WITH
THE KITCHEN?

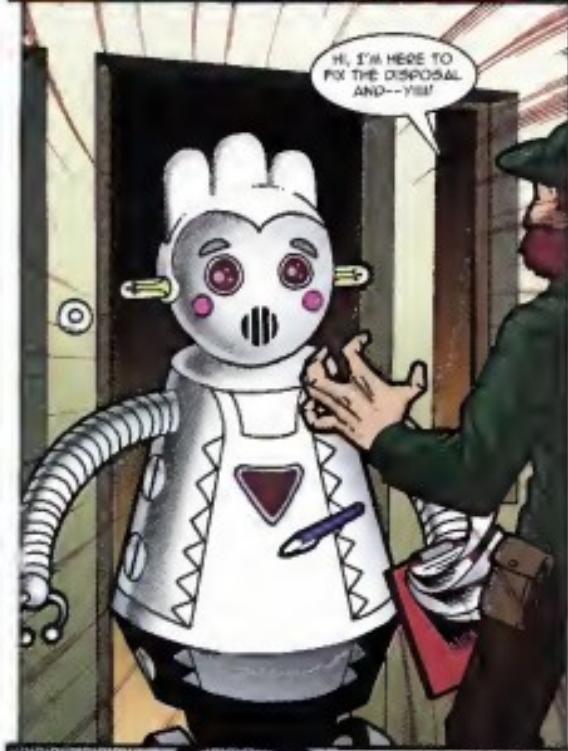
THE GARBAGE
DISPOSAL IS
JAMMED, AGAIN.



HMMMM.

Commend:
Garbage disposal
Contact repairman
in the morning





S-SORRY...YOU
STARTLED ME. LET
ME PICK THIS STUFF
UP...WHAT A
MESS.



THAT'S A...HMM... GREAT COSTUME--
GOING TO A PARTY? I WENT AS
A FISH ONCE--HAD A HOOK
HANGING OUT OF MY MOUTH
AND EVERYTHING. HEH.

THE DISPOSAL IS
NOT OPERATING.

RIGHT. LET
ME JUST TAKE A
LOOK HERE. WHOA!
THAT DOESN'T
SOUND GOOD.

KRUNNCHH

SOMETHING'S
REALLY JAMMED THIS
BABY UP. UHHHHH... IT'S
REALLY IN THERE...
WAIT, GOT IT...

XULLAHHHH!

THAT'S--
YOU'RE--BOO,
WHAT ARE
YOU?

THAT IS THE
SECOND MESS YOU
HAVE MADE SINCE
YOU ARRIVED.

WHAT?
YOU'RE CRAZY!
GET AWAY FROM
ME!

MESS CANNOT
BE TOLERATED.

WHIRR

MESS
MUST BE
ELIMINATED

NO! HELP!

WHIRR!

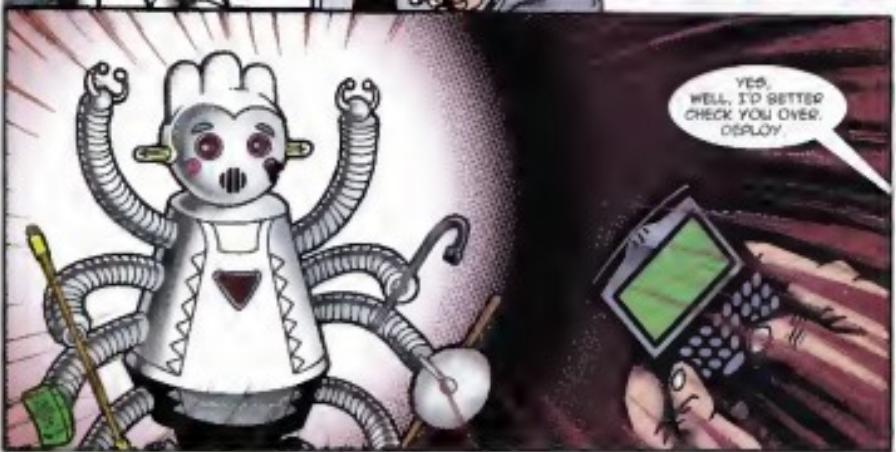
KLANNING

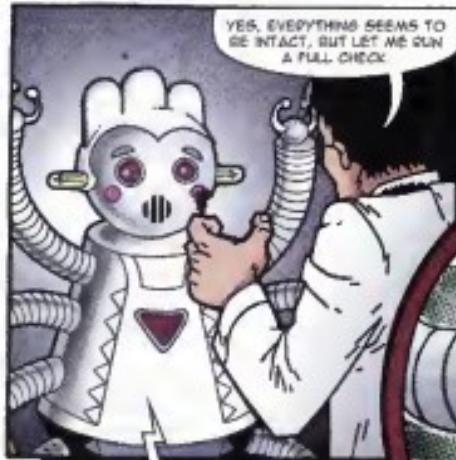
GET AWAY!

NO...NO,
PLEASE...

PLEASE HOLD STILL
SO MESS CAN BE KEPT
TO A MINIMUM. THANK
YOU.

WHIRR





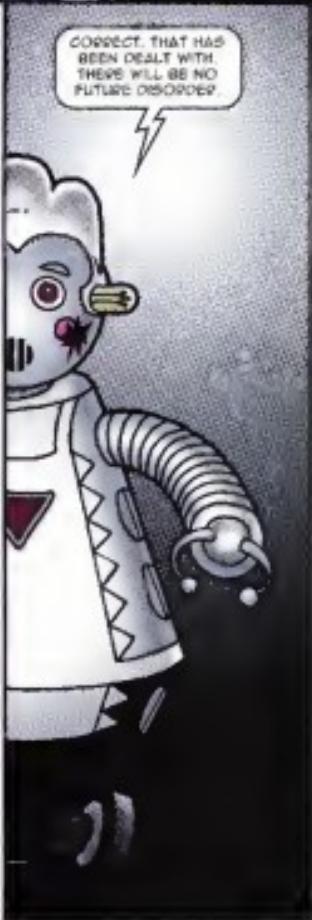
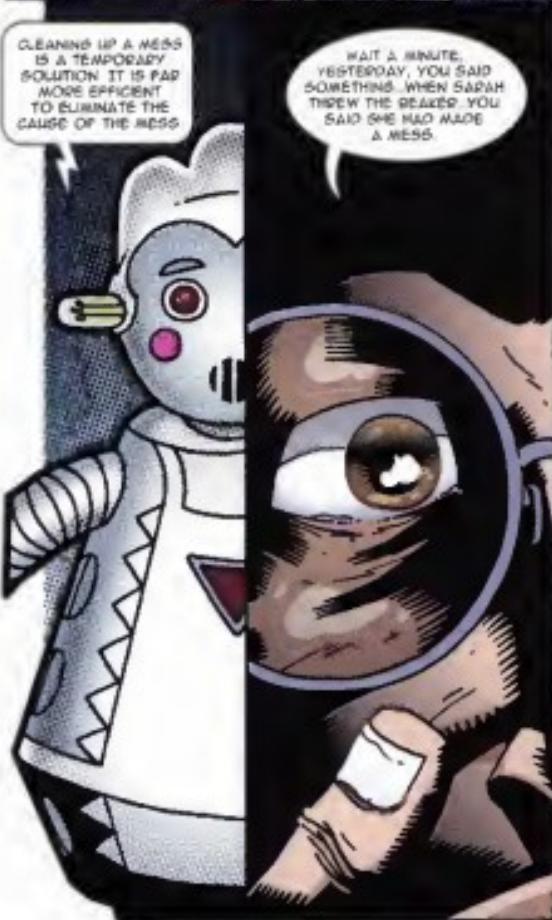
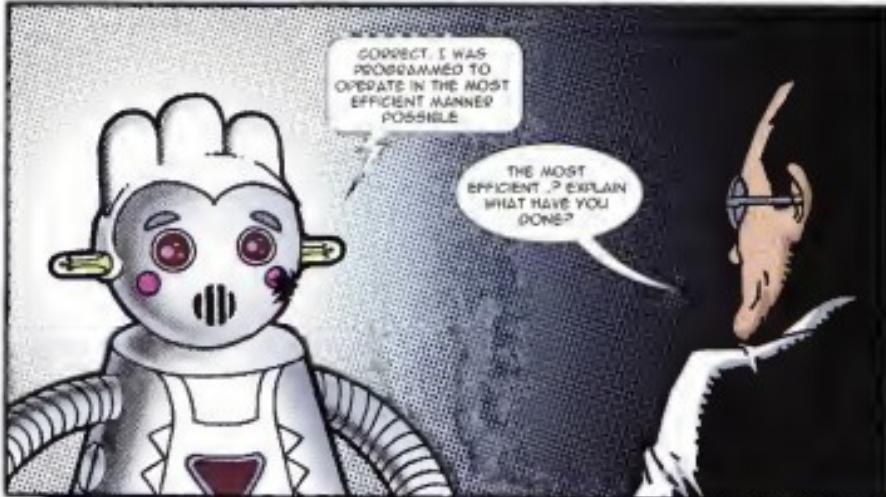
YES, YES, FINE, I... WHAT IS THAT? IT LOOKS LIKE... BLOOD.



WHY IS THERE BLOOD ON YOUR SAW TOOL?

I HAVE BEEN CARRYING OUT MY PROGRAMMING.





OH, MY GOD...
I ASKED YOU TO THROW
HER OUT, BUT SHE NEVER
LEFT DID SHE? SARAH?
SARAH?

PLEASE DO NOT RUN
RUNNING CAN RESULT
IN BREAKAGE.

THE KITCHEN
REQUIRES CLEANING
BEFORE FOOD CAN
BE MADE

SARAH?
WHERE IS SHE?
YOU MECHANICAL
MONSTER?

UNNNHHHHH

AAAAAHHHHH



YEAH, GREAT IDEA! DON'T LISTEN TO THAT VAPID VAULT-KEEPER—

VAPID!

WHAT ARE YOU SUGGESTING?

OUT OF THE KINDNESS OF MY BLACK HEART, I'D BE TICKLED PINK TO TIDY-UP YOUR CRYPTIC-CRIB!

»GASP!« »CHOKE!« SHE'S ALMOST AS SCARY AS WHAT WE HAVE PLANNED FOR THE NEXT FRIGHTENING ISSUE OF TALES FROM THE CRYPT!

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THE CRYPT-KEEPERS AND THEIR CRAZIER CREATURES

3

Who knew *THE OLD WITCH* was so jealous of *TALES FROM THE CRYPT*'s successful return to NIGHTMARISH NEWSSTANDS and CREEPY COMICBOOK STORES? But what kind of CRYPT-KEEPER would I be if I couldn't deal with ENVIOUS EC-CENTRICS? As if REAL-LIFE wasn't SCARY enough, it seems all you BOILS and GHOULS still enjoy my unique style of SHOCK SUSPENSTORIES! Even tired of *TIME MAGAZINE* featured the cover *TALES FROM THE CRYPT* #8 in a recent issue! Though they missed the REAL STORY - that *TALES FROM THE CRYPT* is back, baby!

But with all that MEDIA FRENZY behind us, we've managed to count up all the votes for your favorite FEAR-Y TALE from *TALES FROM THE CRYPT* #8. The winner is "She Who Would Rule the World," Christian Zanier's ULTIMATE ADAPTATION of Stanley G. Weinbaum's classic sci-fi short story "The Adaptive Ultimate." The race was as tight as the Vault-Keeper's grip on INSANITY, with Joe R. Lansdale and John L. Lansdale's "Virtual Hoodoo," illustrated by James Romberger and Marguerite Van Cook coming in a close second.

As for last issue's contest, it seems that some of you LAME-BRAINED LUDDITES may have had trouble finding our new online poll - there weren't nearly as many votes as we expected! What's wrong, kiddies? Don't you realize that VOTING is not only a right, but your PATRIOTIC DUTY? How else will we determine exactly what kind of TERROR-TALES to present on our not-so-pulpish pages? Be that as it may, John L. Lansdale, James Romberger and Marguerite Van Cook's "Chicken Man," the scariest story featuring hens and roosters this side of TROMA'S *POULTRYGEIST*, won top honors over Fred Van Lente and Ryan Dunkley's

"Glass Heads." Poor Ryan will just have to settle for having his AWFUL ARTWORK being on display at New York City's MUSEUM OF COMIC AND CARTOON ART (www.mocanyc.org), while his PARTNER-IN-SLIME consoles himself scripting MARVEL ZOMBIES 3, from that company that once was known as ATLAS!

Now, I can understand the Vault-Keeper not being able to find our poll - he can hardly find his way back to his VAULT OF HORROR - but the rest of you fan-addicts!! Just go to www.papercutz.com, find the TALES FROM THE CRYPT section - don't be scared off by that terrifying GHOUL DETECTIVE, NANCY DROOL or those BRAINLESS BRONICKLESANDDIMES - and click on this issue's cover to vote for your favorite story from this issue! See, it's EC!

Don't forget, if you ever miss an issue (Gates forbid!) of *TALES FROM THE CRYPT*, you can still find the stories collected in paperback and hardcover collections wherever books are sold! There's even a boxed set ON SALE NOW collecting paperback volumes #1 ("Ghouls Gone Wild!"), #2 ("Can You Fear Me Now?"), #3 ("Zombitelicious!"), and #4 ("Crypt-Keeping It Real")! So, you see, thanks to our GREEDY PUBLISHERS, you're never without access to all our CRYPT-Y BADNESS!

And speaking of BADNESS, time to hear what our FIENDISH FANS have to say . . .

Dear The Crypt-Keepers, The Old Witch and The Vault-Keeper:

I must say that these two stories in *TALES FROM THE CRYPT* #8 really gave me some shivers this



evening, "She Who Would Rule the World" is a story of two doctors that thought they were going to win the Nobel Peace Prize for achieving a magnificent healing process on a human subject. Apep Nephthys who was lying on her death bed, inflicted with AIDS, becomes a gorgeous woman that is invincible. Her genetic makeup continues and she thinks she has the ultimate power of doing anything and everything she wishes. She had no conscience and commits a random act of murder, just because she can. She becomes Homo Superior. I can only wonder how she would have continued to evolve, if it was not for the good doctors ending it all in a grand finale. Great story, it had me going. Whew!

Then "Virtual Hoodoo" was somewhat grisly to say the least, especially when that poor guy was bludgeoned to death with a bowl and spoon. Yep, it turned out to be a nice neighborhood without Sidney, a neighborhood filled with monsters! Since I am a ghosthunter, I enjoy these kind of comicbooks. I recently was told by Cartoon Network that I am on a short list as a technical consultant for a pilot called 'Afterschool Paranormal' that is produced by two producers from Sci Fi Channel's Destination Truth. I am also flying to the Mayan pyramids for Showtime - Penn & Teller Show, to investigate the Mayan prophecy of 2012. As you can see everyone loves horror, everyone loves the paranormal. That is why I will be taking a few of my TALES FROM THE CRYPT comics to Mexico with me. Love ya guys!

Paul Dale Roberts
General Manager/Paranormal Investigator

A ghosthunter, eh? You may want to check out the Museum of Comic and Cartoon Art! No, not for Dundavey's exhibit, scary as that may be! They've also got an exhibit devoted to Harvey Comics, home to >gap< >choker< CASPER, THE FRIENDLY GHOST! Sic 'em, PDR!

Subject: TALES FROM THE CRYPT

This stuff is great. I remember reading reprints of the originals back in the '80's, so as a 35 year-old reader that came across this new series, I absolutely love it. I just love the tales and I can't get enough. I finish each book thirsting for more. I just read #1 and #2 and have read about your plans for CLASSICS ILLUSTRATED, which I think is great. Keep up the good work!

A fan,
Steven Ortiz

Thanks, Steven! As for CLASSICS ILLUSTRATED, you won't find too many of those lurking in the CRYPT OF TERROR, but we're making a couple of exceptions for CLASSICS ILLUSTRATED DELUXE #3 -- "FRANKENSTEIN" and CLASSICS ILLUSTRATED

#4 -- "THE RAVEN AND OTHER POEMS." Marion Monroe's all-new adaptation of Mary Shelley's original novel is a MODERN MONSTERPIECE! Already HORROR FANS are comparing Mysterious Monroe's dark drawing style to Hellboy's Mike Mignola, and the storytelling to that of the Spirit's Will Eisner. I'm no expert on comicbook art, but as a CRYPT-KEEPER I know GHOULISHLY GRUESOME when I see it! And if I ever had to be caught UNDEAD with a book of poetry, it better be by Edgar Allan Poe! Of course, the MACABRE illustrations by GHASTLY GAHAN WILSON add just the right SENSE OF DREAD! Who says the Crypt-Keeper isn't well-read, or well, DEAD?

Subject: YOUR NEW MAG

Dear Crypt-Keeper,

Just wanted to drop a line to tell you what a wonderful idea you had reviving TALES FROM THE CRYPT. I especially love the Crypt-Keeper, Vault-Keeper and the Old Witch. They are some old friends that I missed dearly and I sure am glad they're back from the dead. I love the new mag (although some of the artwork is simply ghastly), and I just wanted to say how happy I am that you don't have any advertising breaking up the stories. I hate that so much I could kill someone. Keep up the gory work!

Gruesomely yours,
Raelyn Alvarez

And it's great to be back from the DEAD -- again! Fear not, Raelyn, your BLOODLUST won't be triggered by any disruptively ABYSMAL ADVERTISING in TALES FROM THE CRYPT! That's 'cause we sneak all our APPALLING ADS in this letter column! And speaking of which...

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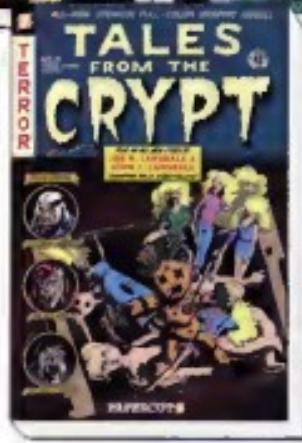
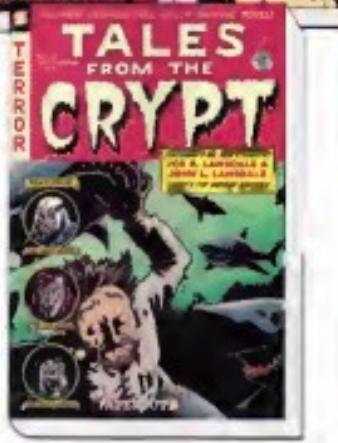
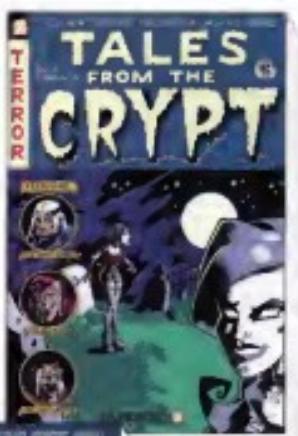
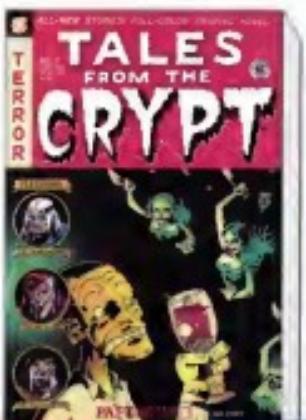
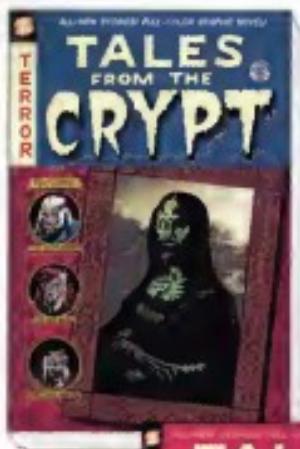
So, until our next issue, keep those emails and letters coming -- we've gotta fill these pages somehow! Send letters to:

The Crypt-Keeper's Corner
40 Exchange Place, Suite 108
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Or email your comments to the Old Editor at:
salicrup@papercutz.com

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